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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 281
EDITORIALS:
Mussolini's America 283
The Case of Will Hays 284
The Curse of the Coal Towns 285
Out of Work 286
Censorship by Fear 286
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 287
WITH SANDINO IN NICARAGUA—IV. SANDINO HIMSELF. By Carleton Beals 288
PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—V. WILLIAM E. BORAH. By Oswald Garrison Villard 290
MURDERED MINERS. By Powers Hapgood and Mary Donovan 293
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 294
CORRESPONDENCE 294
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
Two Sonnets. By George Sterling 296
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 296
Stage Design. By Joseph Wood Krutch 296
Ph.D., LL.D. By R. F. Dibble 297
An Ironical Notation. By Alice Beal Parsons 298
Since Pushkin. By Joshua Kunitz 298
Refined Balladry. By Wilbert Snow 298
Seventeen Negro Songs. By Abbe Niles 300
A Notable Reprint. By Solomon Bluhm 301
Books in Brief 302
Drama: Tepid Romanticism. By Joseph Wood Krutch 302
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Italy Fights Opium. By Ellen La Motte 304

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CARLETON BEALS in this issue of *The Nation* gives an unforgettable picture of Sandino, the man against whom the United States has gone to war. Sandino may be an outlaw but it is quite evident that he is of the breed of George Washington and the other great rebels of the past. His followers repay him with the same religious devotion; his words become proverbs and slogans. Some time he will probably be slain on his own territory by United States marines and his little army will be dispersed. Then he will become a legendary hero to Latin Americans of all lands, and the Gringo will be hated with even more bitter hate. But meantime the war goes on. Towns are bombed and destroyed by the new Huns, and occasionally a few marines go to their death on soil that is not theirs for a cause that they can hardly be expected to understand. The election, which even Mr. Borah seems to regard as an adequate excuse for our occupation of Nicaragua, is again postponed. Senator Dill of Washington has spoken with impressive and unequivocal vigor against the Administration's policy. He read into the record the dispatch telling of the death of five marines, killed in ambush; he demanded that the Foreign Relations Committee report out the resolutions on Nicaragua which "are sleeping the usual sleep that knows no waking." "I want to know," said Mr. Dill directly to Mr. Borah, "if there will be a vote on whether we will continue this war in Nicaragua." Mr. Borah feared that the Senate had no authority in the matter; and Mr. Dill suggested that it might at least make its position known "and see whether or not it would have any effect on the President." The Senate galleries broke into applause as Senator Dill shouted his protest. We need more like him. This is no time for legalism. The time has come to look at the facts of a dirty business and to bring the marines out of Nicaragua.

DEMOCRATS CAN USUALLY BE COUNTED ON to stage a row in a Presidential year, and the Republican politicians are eagerly hoping that Senator Thomas Walsh's entry into the race for the Presidential nomination will bring about a three-cornered dogfight. Senator Walsh is backed by ex-Secretary McAdoo, who never forgets or forgives, and the Republicans count on that. They hope and pray that Jim Reed, who is Wet, and Senator Walsh, who is Catholic, will build up an opposition to Al Smith, who is both, that will destroy all three. It is, however, just possible that the Democrats have learned something after all. Both Reed and Walsh have points of sympathy with the New York Governor: they might carry the McAdoo forces with them into agreement instead of being used as instruments of vengeance. Walsh would be a novelty in candidates. He is modest, to begin with; he lacks all the tricks of the seasoned orator, but he has a habit of interesting his audiences in what he is saying and leaving them with something more than fire and flame to remember. His prosecution of the oil investigation has been a personal triumph—a slow, plodding task of burrowing through mountains of obscuration and opposition. He has little aid from his own party and, of course, none from the Republicans. Jim Reed's speeches today are woven out of Walsh's discoveries. But as a candidate Walsh has this weakness: he is essentially an honest, intelligent conservative. Progressives admire him, but disagree on crucial issues; and conservatives today seem to disapprove of his honesty.

WHEN J. D. GREGORY was dismissed from the British civil service as a result of the resounding scandal of his speculating in francs from his post of privilege in the Foreign Office, England knew that the affair of the Zinoviev letter must at last be probed to the bottom. Gregory was the under secretary whose signature was appended to the note in which the Labor Government trounced the Soviet on account of Zinoviev's alleged under-cover activities in England. In other words, he was the instrument used in October, 1924, for the destruction of the MacDonald Cabinet and when, a few days ago, he was disgraced, the Labor Party insisted upon investigation of the notorious incident. Thomas Marlowe, editor at the time of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, which forced Mr. MacDonald's hand at the crucial moment, now discloses the greater part of the story in a long letter to the London *Observer*. He did not buy the letter from Gregory or from anybody. Several

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copies, it appeared, were offered to him, and Mr. Marlowe plainly hints that one of these was offered by somebody in a government department. He takes extreme pride in his own action, and the English press apparently assumes that his statement exonerates Gregory. But how so? Mr. MacDonald, campaigning away from London, did not know that the Foreign Office was releasing the so-called Zinoviev letter for publication. Gregory was the subordinate who sent it to the press, thereby creating the mob frenzy by which the MacDonald Government was swept away. And the scandal of the francs—the only disgrace of the kind that has touched a British public department since the Marconi deals of 1912—reveals the character of the man through whom the knockout blow was delivered to the best of post-war governments in Europe.

PRESIDENT MONROE, as we frequently have occasion to remark, would never have admitted responsibility for the crude imperialism currently cloaked under the name of the "Monroe Doctrine." His doctrine expressed a desire to maintain Latin-American sovereignty, not to supervise elections, police foreign property, and collect customs to pay interest on foreign loans. It is a healthy thing now and then to be reminded of the origin and nature of Monroe's Monroe Doctrine. The Argentine delegate who annoyed our State Department by objecting, at Geneva, to the League's recognition of "regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine" was nearer to President Monroe than the gentlemen who misuse his name in Washington today. Señor Cantillo said:

> The Monroe Doctrine was a declaration of political policy by the United States at the time of the European Holy Alliance. It was made to prevent any extension of the Holy Alliance system to the American continent. While it rendered great services to America in the early days of its existence, and honors the United States in its defense of justice and liberty, it should not be referred to as a regional understanding. It is purely an individual declaration of principle. . . . So far as I know the Monroe Doctrine never has been approved explicitly by other American republics.

CHANCELLOR SEIPEL, speaking in the Austrian Diet, announced that he would not protest to the League of Nations or direct to Rome against the oppression of German-speaking citizens of the Tyrol, now part of Italy. He relied, he said, "on something which is higher than international traditions and rights—the conscience of the world." To Mussolini there is no such animal. Americans may be somewhat shocked at his precedent. "A state respecting itself cannot tolerate interference," he said. "Mr. Fuller, the Governor of Massachusetts, has supplied us with a striking example on that subject." He referred, of course, to the bitterness aroused in New England by the international expression of horror when Massachusetts murdered Sacco and Vanzetti. Governor Fuller may still agree with Mussolini that sympathy should stop at the frontier; we do not know. But we do know this, that Mussolini's contemptuous refusal to discuss the facts of oppression in Italy, and his insistence that continued protest in Austria will only lead to suppression of the remaining German-language papers in the old German province of the South Tyrol and "accelerate the turning of the Fascist vise" serve once more to concentrate world attention upon the brutality and danger of his rule.

WE ARE GLAD to learn that the Interstate Commerce Commission has issued a complaint against the Kansas City Southern Railway Company, directing it to show cause on April 2 why it should not be compelled to dispose of all its stock holdings in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas and the St. Louis Southwestern railroads. We commented editorially on this situation in our issue of December 28 [page 725], pointing out an apparently direct violation of the Clayton Act and a policy which if allowed to go on would make our anti-monopoly laws futile in so far as railway consolidation was concerned. Contrary, as we believe, to the intent of the law, the Kansas City Southern acquired a substantial control of the two railways in question, both competing lines, previous to asking the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to merge them with its own system. This was bad enough, but was aggravated when, after denial by the commission of permission to consolidate, the Kansas City Southern continued in possession of its shares in the rival railways. It is reported that L. F. Loree, head of the Kansas City Southern, may attempt to evade the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission by making a new application for consolidation.

THE BEST THE LAW COULD DO in sentencing Francesco Caruso for stabbing to death a physician who, he believed, had killed his sick child, was to sentence him to from ten to twenty years in the penitentiary. This is admittedly better than the death sentence which Caruso received as a result of his first trial, in which he was convicted of first-degree murder. Half the sentence is the minimum for manslaughter, to which he pleaded guilty; and the balance was apparently mandatory under the Baumes law which provides five to ten years for killing with a dangerous weapon—though in this case Caruso was not armed in the literal sense of the word and the weapon was a kitchen knife which happened to be lying to his hand. Under the law which permits time off for good behavior, Caruso will probably serve about seven years. Seven years for ignorance; but the law does not admit of ignorance as an excuse for crime. Seven years because the "land of opportunity" in which he lived had not thought it necessary to inform him about antitoxins, although it provided antitoxins for his use. And during those seven years, in which he will be in Sing Sing prison, his children will grow from infancy through childhood, from childhood to adolescence. How they will be supported is no concern of the law. The prisoner will be furnished with board and lodging. If necessary, perhaps charity can be found for those outside the prison gates. This is the best the law can do for Caruso. It is not sensible, it is not merciful; one doubts if it is just. But there is no question that it is legal.

IF AN UNDERGRADUATE at the University of Minnesota cuts his biology class nothing happens to him, but if he stays away from compulsory military drill he is expelled from the institution. Thus in a State university does the science of killing take precedence over the study of life and over every other university subject. And there are teeth in this ruling, for the university has just dropped thirteen students for failing to drill regularly. This drastic measure for insuring drill attendance has been in force for the past two years, and the college authorities have cooperated most whole-heartedly with the military men in

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its enforcement. Last spring thirty-eight students were expelled, although the university later found reason for reinstating twenty-eight of them. At that time the commandant resolved to put an end to evasions of drill duty, but the present expulsions seem to indicate that he was unsuccessful. An apparent attempt to placate the obvious student dissatisfaction is to be seen in the new ruling whereby a slight illness is sufficient ground for excuse from drill, whereas "under the previous ruling, the students who were absent from drill, due to slight colds or other illnesses, were often refused the regulation excuse slips from the Health Service." This is indeed gratifying. The War Department has awakened to the fact that it must respect the physical well-being of its conscript student army. When will the State wake up to the danger of putting the warriors above the scholars in its educational institutions?

AN EVENT TO STIR "tired radicals" to shame recently happened in England. The Neo-Malthusian League has announced the disbanding of its organization in a triumphant hymn of victory. "Our aims have succeeded beyond our wildest dreams," says Dr. Charles Vickery Drysdale of a campaign which during its fifty years of existence was inspired and led by members of his family. The doctrine of overpopulation, enunciated by Malthus in 1798, remained for decades an academic problem discussed only in scientific chambers until the Drysdales projected it into a broader field. Dr. George R. Drysdale's "Elements of Social Science," with its bold challenge of the puritanical attitude in sex matters, and his English publication of the American pamphlet "Fruits of Philosophy," by Dr. Knowlton, led to the world-famous trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in 1876. In the heat of passionate discussion of the Malthusian doctrine the first organized movement for conscious control of fertility was founded. Dr. R. C. Drysdale and his wife, Dr. Alice Vickery, one of the first woman physicians in England, and later their son and daughter as well, led the movement through stormy decades of vilification and abuse to ultimate victory in England and on the Continent. Once abused as obscene, unpatriotic, demoralizing, shunned by respectable people, the campaign has disarmed most of its opposition. The British House of Lords has passed a resolution in favor of birth-control instruction at the public-health centers; the National Council of Public Morals, under religious auspices, has declared that nothing should keep married persons from obtaining birth-control information for medical or economic reasons.

Mussolini's America

ARMANDO BORGHI, author of several works exposing the Fascist reign of terror, on March 23 is to be deported from our shores to Italy for delivery to Mussolini's henchmen. Borghi came to this country as an accredited journalist, possessing an American consular visa valid for twelve months. Prior to the expiration of that visa he was deprived of his Italian passport by the Italian consul at Boston. He is now a man without a country. He cannot return to Canada and France whence he came. In Italy death through assassination, or, at best, a living death in a dungeon is awaiting him.

Arrested under a warrant issued by the Second Assistant Secretary of Labor on June 4, 1927, as a result of a report against him filed by one Maccini, a Fascist informer, during the Sacco-Vanzetti agitation, Borghi was brought to Ellis Island, and finally released on bail. The official records include the following:

Borghi: When I appeared in person at the Italian Consulate, the Consul upbraided me and said I was not qualified to be an Italian citizen, and that not only would he not extend my passport but would take it away from me altogether. . . . I asked him whether he had a right to take away my passport when there was an Italian warrant of arrest standing out against me, and he said, No. I told him that he could be suspicious of me, but that the last word would have to come from the Italian Government, that he should inquire from Rome whether there were legal reasons to refuse me a passport.

Question: What is the reason as to why you should receive such treatment at the hands of the Italian Consul in Boston?

Borghi: The only reason is that I am known as an adversary of the Fascist regime, and the Consul knows it.

Question: Were you persecuted by the Fascist Government before?

Borghi: The Fascisti burned up my home in Milano, in March, 1921.

Question: Do you believe in the overthrow of any organized government by force?

Borghi: I believe in the struggle of humanity towards better destinies. Methods and tactics are relative to the times and regimes. I consider of highest moral value the passive resistance to evil, which is not true resignation, as preached by Tolstoy and now by Gandhi in India. I accept the statement of the Rights of Man of the year 1789, according to which the slave has the right to reject with force the violence of the tyrant. I exclude the employment of the conquest of government for the triumph of my ideas, be it even for exercising the proletarian dictatorship.

Question: Do you believe and advocate the killing of public officials, the President of the United States, heads of foreign governments, because of their position?

Borghi: I don't bother with those things. I don't even think of it, and I find it strange that you ask me that question. . . . If I were Mussolini, to that question I would answer, Yes; because Mussolini, when he was a revolutionist made apologies for assassins of all the heads of governments.

Question: Are you an anarchist?

Borghi: I belong to that philosophical school which places liberty at the basis of individual and social development and which abhors all oppressions and dictatorships. Such school has been and is yet defined with different and various names, according to the times and places. Ibsen, Zola, Tolstoy call it by different names. Garibaldi himself hailed it as the sun of the future, the dawning of the International. Others have called it and still call it socialism. I consider that the word anarchy is being honored if these ideas are called anarchical.

The foregoing questions and answers were propounded through an interpreter at Ellis Island, which accounts for their literary imperfections. The force of Borghi's philosophy did not, however, fail to strike the board of inquisitors. It was obvious that the prisoner was a champion of liberty, a lover of humanity, a passionate rebel against Mussolini's tyranny. That did not help him. For such a man America has no shelter. And unless heroic efforts are made at the last moment, Borghi is to be escorted by our immigration officials to the Fascist guillotine in Rome.

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The Case of Will Hays

WILL H. HAYS was Postmaster General in the Harding Cabinet, and chairman of the Republican National Committee in the 1920 Presidential campaign. He is today the "czar" and moral guardian of the motion-picture industry, a member of Hays and Hays of Indianapolis, who for many years have been attorneys for the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Company, a leading elder of the Presbyterian church, and one of Herbert Hoover's chief campaign advisers. On March 1, 1928, Mr. Hays went before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, and, under cross-examination, admitted that four years earlier, testifying under oath before the same committee, he had lied about Harry Sinclair's contributions to the Republican party funds. A lie, according to the dictionary, is "something told with intent to deceive." Mr. Hays lied. The Department of Justice, which would be responsible were a charge of perjury justified in the circumstances, Mr. Hoover, the Presbyterian church, and the motion-picture industry would do well to consider the case of Mr. Hays.

On March 24, 1924, Mr. Hays told the Senate Committee that Harry F. Sinclair had contributed a maximum of $75,000 to the Republican fund, and said that the contribution had not been made personally to him; in 1928, before the same committee, he reported Sinclair gifts and loans, made to him personally, oscillating between $75,000 and $260,000, and finally resting at $160,000. Meanwhile some of the missing bonds of the Continental Trading Company, the mysterious fly-by-night concern created by Sinclair and the Standard Oil Company of Indiana to make a profit of $3,000,000 in a day and then die, had been traced to Mr. Hays's campaign committee. Mr. Hays now says that he had never heard of the Continental company at the time that he asked and received. That may be; but the story of Teapot Dome was already public when Hays went to Sinclair, and he knew that he was asking this huge sum of a man accused of bribing his Cabinet colleague, Albert B. Fall. He cannot now recall any other contribution of so much as $100,000; and it is difficult to believe that Mr. Hays was not aware that there was a reason why Sinclair should be willing to contribute so large a sum to the G. O. P.

Sinclair, we now know, gave Fall $258,000 in bonds and $45,000 in cash; and he gave Mr. Hays, for the party, $160,000. In addition he lent the Republican National Committee for two years, without interest, $100,000. Mr. Hays's present story is this: In 1923, he told Sinclair that the party had reduced its campaign-fund deficit of $1,200,000, but still needed big money before embarking on the campaign that was to elect Coolidge. Sinclair said that he would give him $75,000 outright, and would lend him $185,000 in government bonds, which Hays was to repay. The $75,000 was immediately applied to a bank indebtedness; $50,000 was given to John T. Pratt, director of the New Haven, the Delaware and Hudson, and other railroads, of the International Acceptance Bank, the J. G. White Company, and other corporations (his business Hays described as "philanthropic and civic enterprises"), but Mr. Pratt later decided to contribute that amount himself, and returned the bonds to Sinclair; $60,000 was sent to Fred Upham, treasurer of the Republican National Committee, who apparently distributed the sum among his friends so that they could appear to make inconspicuous contributions in smaller sums to the party deficit; $25,000 went to John W. Weeks, Secretary of War, for the same purpose of concealing the Sinclair gift. Mr. Hays asserts that shortly before appearing before the Senate committee in 1924 he returned $85,000 to Mr. Sinclair, but that soon after his testimony Mr. Sinclair, aware that Hays had suffered heavy financial losses, returned the bonds to him. (As Will Rogers remarked, "Bad as I felt, I had to laugh at that one.") Incidentally, Mr. Hays's losses were in Sinclair stock.

The story of Sinclair's huge contribution, long suspected, almost came out in 1924. The New York *Times*, just before Hays appeared on the witness-stand, printed a rumor that Hays would admit receiving "75,000 shares of Sinclair stock." Hays, however, swore to Senator Walsh that

> I saw this *Times* story and was as surprised and shocked as you were, and I say that that statement and that story and that rumor is as false in content as it is libelous in purpose. . . . Nothing like this story that appeared in the paper, nothing at all like that story, ever happened.

In 1928, faced with that, Mr. Hays crawled thus: "I did not volunteer about these bonds. I was not asked about that." He forgot that in 1924 he had added: "There is not anything I know about this matter of campaign contributions that I want to conceal." He forgot that in 1924 he had sworn that "the total amount . . . that could possibly have been given by Mr. Sinclair was not over $75,000," and had repeated: "That was the maximum amount, $75,000."

In 1924, too, Mr. Hays answered Senator Walsh's question with a flat statement that "it was not paid to me." That was only four months after the payment. Four years later his memory had returned. In 1928 he recalled that Sinclair had handed the bonds to him in New York City, in a package, at the same time that he turned over the $75,000 in cash. If this is not perjury, what is it?

Mr. Hays did not come forward voluntarily to set the record straight, and his testimony was drawn out of a wriggling, evasive, scared witness. His deportment, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* puts it, "was that of a slippery Ohio gangster, rather than that of a Presbyterian elder." Yet the Department of Justice has taken no steps to consider whether he committed perjury in 1924, the Treasury is not investigating the income-tax returns of Upham and Pratt, or of Blackmer and Stewart and the oil refugees, and Mr. Hays himself remains on the good books of the picture industry, of Mr. Hoover, and of the Presbyterian church.

One would think that the time had come for the Republican Party to begin to worry about its reputation. The Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Navy in its 1920 Cabinet have been called by the Supreme Court betrayers of a public trust; the Attorney General has been even worse branded; the Postmaster General and the Secretary of War are now exposed as conniving to circumvent the law about campaign contributions; and in Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts party leaders have been caught in corruption. Can the Hugheses, Hoovers, Coolidges afford to continue in a state of moral mumness?

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The Curse of the Coal Towns

SOPHIA DULLES and Edith Coale, of the American Friends Service Committee, sought, in Barnesboro, Pennsylvania, to find people who would handle and distribute clothes for the barefoot children of striking miners. It was difficult, because they were two, and when they spoke to a third person they violated a regulation prohibiting three people from meeting on a street leading to a mine.

The coal towns, the Senate investigating committee headed by Senator Gooding says, are "a blotch upon American civilization." The curse of the coal towns is that they do not seem even to be a part of American civilization. They are outlawed and forgotten. The "swinish" conditions which appal the Senators did not grow up in the winter of 1927-1928. They have existed since the coal towns were born. They were brought before the public in the harsh days of the 1919 strike, when the United Mine Workers hopefully brought their Plumb Plan for reorganization of the industry to public attention; they were thrust into our consciousness again in 1922-1923 when a coal strike which succeeded in causing a coal shortage stirred an apathetic President to appoint a Federal Coal Commission, which made a good but long-since-forgotten report. The coal miners have a right to think of themselves as something less than Americans. They live as serfs, denied the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, harnessed to a broken-down industrial machine.

America cannot afford to permit these enclaves of feudalism to continue. The issues are not local. The fight to destroy the miners' union, which has been their only bulwark, is part of a national industrial policy. Samuel Untermyer testified before a Senate Committee in 1921 that the industrial policy which keeps the coal-fields unorganized—and, one may add today, which has been disorganizing fields that had been organized—is dictated primarily by the United States Steel Corporation and its allied interests, backed by banking groups centering in J. P. Morgan and Company. Resistance to trade unionism is the essence of their industrial policy, as reflected in the Steel Corporation and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Their subsidiary companies dominate the non-union districts, and, one and all, they fight every hint of union organization.

Winthrop D. Lane drew a graphic picture of these citadels of industrial despotism in 1923. In the coal towns

> everything is owned by the company that is extracting the coal. They stand on company land; they were built by the company; the store, the movie theater, the amusement hall, the little bank if there is one, the cafe, the ice-cream parlor—all are run by the company. The school is often a company-built project, and so is the church; sometimes the company supplements the salary of the teacher and helps to maintain the minister. Roads leading through the town are private property. Not infrequently the post office is a corner of the company store and the man who sells crackers and meat is the postmaster. These towns are not incorporated. The company is responsible for whatever exists in the nature of a public utility—the supply of water, the lighting, the sanitation, and so forth.

Company houses are often mere prisons. Employees of a Somerset County, Pennsylvania, coal company sign leases which forbid them to harbor anyone objectionable to the coal company. A Fayette County lease provides that the tenant may not receive at his home anyone except physicians attending his sick family, draymen moving him to or from the house, or undertakers! Traveling salesmen entering these prison villages have to obtain written permission from the coal-company overlords. Even on such terms the miners are not safe in residence. Their leases often force them to contract out from the protection of State laws which give them the right to appear in court before being evicted from their homes. Company-ridden courts have even enjoined miners from establishing tent colonies or barracks near the homes from which they have been evicted.

There is no government in these kingdoms of coal except that of the coal companies. Officials, police, courts are instruments of coal-company policy. Sheriff Don Chafin of Logan County, West Virginia, told a Senate commission in 1923 that the coal companies had been supplying the county with its police force for eleven years; and company officials boldly asserted that they kept union organizers out of their bailiwicks just as the New York police kept known criminals above the "dead line." One sheriff during the 1922-1923 strike supplied the companies with 6,180 deputies—a little army paid by the companies but sworn in as officials of government. Today, in 1928, United States Senators have been discovering that this system still goes on undisturbed.

In fact the miners are worse off now than when the Federal Coal Commission issued its report in 1923. The shortage past, the public went to sleep again. Coal has been overproduced; new mines have been opened; and the union has lost territory; whereas in 1919 three-quarters of the soft-coal production of the country was union-mined, today less than one-third is mined under union conditions. This means, of course, that several hundred thousand more miners have fallen prey to industrial serfdom. In some districts, where the old tradition of working-class solidarity has kept the miners together, the strikers are shivering in tent colonies and barracks; their underfed children go barefoot to school. That proud organization, the American Red Cross, declares that this is not a national emergency. It refuses to aid children who are as helpless victims of an industrial policy as the "Cajuns" of Louisiana were of a godless flood. Even some members of the American Friends Service Committee, faced with Miss Dulles's and Miss Coale's report, talked of "neutrality."

Relief is something; and relief should pour in to the Emergency Committee for Miners' Relief, 156 Fifth Avenue, or to the other organizations which are struggling to help these victims of industry. But relief is at best little more than a sedative.

Suffering and oppression in the coal-fields will continue as long as a state of chaotic competition continues and men are driven from periods of desperate underemployment into equally desperate strikes. If private operation cannot produce a living wage for the men who cut coal—and apparently it cannot—then it is time for the government to step in and assume control. The bituminous industry is a disgrace to America.

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Out of Work

AFTER many denials and evasions, even the prophets of prosperity now admit that the United States is faced with serious unemployment, and the Senate has voted an inquiry into it. Of course it will be minimized by big business and the Republicans, for this is the year of a Presidential election, a time when politicians in office cannot afford to let any cry of hard times be heard in the land if it can be prevented. Thus in Cleveland the other day the leaders of a parade carrying signs asking aid for the unemployed were arrested and fined for begging!

No adequate statistics on unemployment are kept for the country as a whole, but there are plenty of figures to show the general tendency. The most valuable are those of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics on employment in manufacturing industries. These show that, taking the year 1923 as 100, employment in 1927 was 88.5, less than any year since 1922, when it was 88.4, lower by only a trifling fraction. Moreover, for January of this year employment in manufacturing industries fell to 84.2, less than the average for the bad year of 1921.

The figures of the federal bureau on unemployment in manufacturing industries run closely parallel to the situation revealed by an inquiry just made in New York State by the Industrial Commissioner, James A. Hamilton. From reports received from 1,650 manufacturers, employing 500,000 workers, employment has been falling off since the spring of 1926. "In December, 1927, the index of such employment was below that of December, 1921. In January, 1928, there was a further decline of 2 per cent, bringing the index below that of January, 1921."

What has perhaps most tended to obscure decreasing employment in the country is the fact that industry as a whole still appears to be prosperous. Except for long-standing weak spots like coal mining and textile manufacturing, and a recent slowing down in the automobile field, factory wheels are humming and company directors are declaring dividends as usual. We encounter the paradox that although employment has been decreasing gradually since 1923 the manufacturing output has been increasing. As Evans Clark puts it in the New York *Times:*

> One would expect to find a slump in factory output last year that would roughly correspond to the decrease in jobs. But precisely the reverse has occurred. The factories and workshops of the United States produced more goods and services in 1927 than at any time in history, with the exception of the previous year, which was only 2 per cent higher. In fact, the month of May last year saw the apex of American manufacturing output. The year's total was lower only because of a falling off in the last three months, which has offset the high record of the other months. During those thirty days of May American industry turned out 70 per cent more than it did in the average month of 1914. But the process required a working force greater by only 15 per cent. . . . While the output of the American factory has grown, the number of workers required to produce it has actually decreased since 1919.

In other words, machines have been ousting men faster than new industries have been absorbing them. We have a new kind of unemployment—unusually inequitable in that the misery of the employees is less than ever shared by their employers.

Censorship by Fear

DURING the week of February 19 the Actor-Managers (formerly of the Neighborhood Playhouse) produced in New York City a play from the French called "Maya." The dramatic critic of *The Nation* was inclined to rank it less high as drama than did most of his fellows of the daily press, but though it dealt with the life of a prostitute it was certainly not an immoral performance and it was in far better taste than many of the plays which have enjoyed long runs on Broadway. A few days after it opened vague rumbles emanated from the District Attorney's office: the play, against which no protest had been received, would be "investigated." Another day or two passed, and then Mr. Lee Shubert, one of the owners of the Comedy Theater which housed the play, visited the performance. "Beautiful, very beautiful," he is reported to have said; "your lease will terminate next Saturday night."

Such is the manner in which the so-called padlock law of New York State is made to operate. According to its provisions the Commissioner of Licenses is empowered to close for one year any theater in which a play adjudged immoral by the courts has been playing, and the magnitude of the financial interests involved makes it impossible for the real-estate owner to take the slightest risk. However much the producer may believe in the play, and however likely he thinks it that the courts would sustain him, he is deprived of all opportunity even to defend himself. The District Attorney does not need to prove his case; there is not even a censor who has to pronounce an official judgment, since the padlock law is a weapon of intimidation which need only to be flourished to close any play instanter, without the need of any other process whatsoever. As long as he is armed with it, the power of the District Attorney is, for all practical purposes, both absolute and completely irresponsible. He does not even have to say that he believes any play to be objectionable, and he escapes all necessity for even standing behind his decisions. All he has to do is to frown slightly—and everybody knows how easily a District Attorney, whose business it is to take everybody seriously, can frown—to remove any play from the boards. A mere whisper in the ear of a real-estate owner, a mere whisper which no one else need hear, and the offending drama is kicked into the street.

All forms of censorship are bad, but none is so arbitrary or so completely indefensible as this. It may easily be used not only to enforce the whim of a puritanical morality, but in the interest of any political or religious group, and the general public need not even know how or when it is being so used. Even a censor is to some extent responsible to public opinion, but under the existing law the District Attorney is not subject even to that, for he can close a play without saying that he has closed it, and he has, in effect, power to convict merely by suggesting that he might possibly bring to trial. He passes the buck to the real-estate interests, and the real-estate interests cannot afford to do otherwise than obey his slightest whim.

Last year *The Nation* expressed its surprise that Governor Smith, whose policies are generally so liberal, signed the padlock bill. It still wonders that he has shown no sign of recognizing its monstrous unfairness.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

"GIFTS of gold and jewels for the cover of the 'Golden Book' of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine were asked by Bishop William T. Manning at the luncheon of the women's division. . . . The gold will be melted down and used for the cover of the huge book which is to preserve forever the name of every person who has contributed to the building fund. The precious stones will be used to decorate the cover."

If I said that this marked once again the exceeding vulgarity of the little bishop I might be misunderstood since popular usage has done so much to limit "vulgarity" to something said in a burlesque show. Possibly it would be better and kinder to speak of the man's immaturity. Throughout the campaign the drive for Cathedral moneys has been conducted with all the dignity and decorum of a children's pageant. I can see no earthly reason why the names of donors should be preserved. The Bishop cannot find scriptural sanction for that. According to the accounts in the newspapers Dr. Manning "suggested that many women possessed precious heirlooms, wedding rings, and jewels, which they would not share with another human being, but would gladly give to the Cathedral."

But it would seem to me that if a ring were to be stripped from some left finger not so much as a digit of the right hand should be aware of this; much less should that hand grip a pen to celebrate the deed in a golden book. Also I am somewhat scandalized to learn that the good Bishop can speak so casually of the removal of wedding rings. It was my former impression that he wanted them fastened into the bone by iron rivets.

However, the whole problem goes a little deeper than mere criticism of certain mummeries and shows which have attended the building of St. John the Divine. There is no indication that Dr. Manning has ever paused for so much as a moment to ponder whether or not there was any reasonable and decent need whatsoever for a huge and costly church building. Like a child with blocks he rears up a structure for the sake of the game and takes no count of the purpose. If there lived today some great architect, skilled in Gothic intricacies, the building might serve an aesthetic purpose no matter how reckless the waste of treasure. But there is no arresting beauty in this building. Nothing of the new liveliness and pace of modern architecture is in it. At the very best it is no more than a competent echo of an age which has gone by. Surely no travelers will come from the edges of the world to view the pile on Morningside. The same thing has been done too often in the past and with more genius and gusto.

Probably it is only just to admit the entire sincerity of Bishop Manning's purpose. His is a medieval mind and nothing has happened through the centuries to move him from the old belief that God is served and pleased by treats and parties. Do not blame me for the blasphemy if I suggest that in our own day the custom of currying favor by spendthriftiness has passed into other relations than those which exist between God and man. There is nothing agnostical or even modernistic in holding that in the eyes of a cosmic Creator the completed cathedral will seem no more than a broken bit of shell upon the sand. Even with the best intentions in the world Bishop Manning cannot raise any towers as high as the Andes. It is doubtful if he can even build extensively enough to call down a confusion of tongues upon himself and his followers.

But most of all I am puzzled about the great book with its binding of gold and jewels. Is this, by any chance, intended somewhat to lighten the burdens of St. Peter and his clerks? By some coincidence, which may be Satan's doing, this latest call for treasure to ornament an eternal address book comes at the moment when the bread-line in New York grows longer and begins to curl around the corners on the cold nights. Down in Second Avenue a hospital must close because the trustees no longer feel competent to shoulder an annual deficit of $30,000. The poor cry out for bread, and gravely Bishop Manning lays another stone upon the house of God.

It is an essential article of faith that man should love his God and love his neighbor, but surely there is no implication that the manifestation of devotion should take the self-same form. God would not be mocked if William Manning melted down gold to make a hospital rather than a belated Gothic edifice. Cool reason must suggest that in the completed structure there will be rather more elbow room for Episcopalians than they can conveniently utilize. Of course, it was said in the beginning that this was to be a house of faith for all people but that notion seemed loosely rooted when Dr. Manning found it necessary to refuse a contribution sent by Dr. Guthrie. To be sure the money came from an Episcopal clergyman but it is only fair to admit that he saw many things not precisely eye to eye with Bishop Manning.

Still, I think Dr. Guthrie might have been irritated with some little reason, for the Bishop had no trouble at all in accepting funds raised by Tex Rickard. If there was any gap between the philosophy of the promoter and the preacher it was bridged without great difficulty. Indeed at the moment Dr. Manning seems almost as enthusiastic about sports as is the matchmaker of Madison Square Garden. And that shows a generous spirit, for Mr. Rickard has drawn down much more in dividends earned by his fighters. Still a few of the jabs and uppercuts have landed for the glory of the Cathedral.

There is to be a sports bay in the edifice of St. John the Divine. Horsemen, golfers, boxers have all been recruited to pay tithes so that one window may display man drawing closer to the infinite through muscular prowess. And in the "Golden Book" it is not too much to hope that we may find some such entry as "Benny Leonard vs. Kid Mulligan—Leonard the winner by a knockout in the third round."

Unfortunately, the professional baseball people have done very little. At last accounts the big leagues had contributed no more than $100 to the fund for the bay. Unless something is done about this quickly the stained-glass sporting section will be less than adequate. Surely there is need of a panel showing an umpire with upraised finger and Babe Ruth half turned about scowling and caught by the artist at the very moment his lips frame the phrase "You robber!"

HEYWOOD BROUN

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With Sandino in Nicaragua

IV

Sandino Himself

By CARLETON BEALS

San Jose, Costa Rica, March 4

(Via Tropical Radio Telegraph Company)

THOUGH the wind howled over Remango [since the beginning of hostilities one of Sandino's key outposts] we spent the night snugly in the long barracks. The soldiers were as free and easy as if the enemy were a thousand miles away instead of on the next ridge. The barracks were made of huge driven poles with a high thatched roof. At one end were kitchen tables made of tree trunks split in half or slabs of stone set on wooden posts. The walls were lined with bunks of rawhide stretching over poles pegged against the wall as a protection from the wind. The *Juanas* or camp women had erected a little shrine presided over by Saint Anthony and decorated with colored tissue paper, against which burned a carbide lamp. A baby squalled from a sisal hammock. Soldiers, each with his rifle by his side, clustered in groups, some telling stories—the attack on Ocotal, the surprise assault against the Machos in Las Cruces, the burning of the hacienda El Hule, and the violation of women by the hated Gringos—and here was I in their midst, a Macho Yankee Gringo, yet treated with all consideration and the greatest deference. Other soldiers, seated on sawed-off stumps, were reading, by the light of *ocote* torches, novels, the latest numbers of *Ariel*, or stray newspapers. A man of Negroid type was making love to a *Juana* with a high, red comb set with sparkling glass diamonds. Another, in white "pyjamas" grimy with use, roasted meat, using his ramrod as a spit. A guitar thrums a Sandino song with a simple, Whitmanesque flavor and a Mexican tune, "La Casita." To the sound of such music we danced most of the night away—a crowded confusion of babel and song, smoke and smell, flame and color.

Carleton Beals, sent by The Nation *to Nicaragua, is the only foreign correspondent to reach Sandino. His story began in the issue of February 22. The fifth instalment, Send the Bill to Mr. Coolidge, will appear next week, and others will follow in successive issues.*

Sandino had taken most of the horses and mules with him from Remango, but Captain Altamirano managed to scare up three mounts for Sequiera, Colindres, and myself. Mine was a huge white horse with asthma and a mangy nose. He proved to be clumsier than a cow, and paid no attention to spur or quirt. The beast fell twice on the steep, muddy trail from Remango, almost hurling me into the valley. After the second time I gave up the struggle and proceeded on foot through mud ankle deep.

Gradually we worked down the precipitous, mud-soaked trail to the lower valleys—tributaries of the Coco River—where the cold climate of the mountains was definitely left behind. We toiled through the still, heated air over bare hills, making a great circle in order to avoid Quilali, where the American marines were razing the town—it has since disappeared from the map.

On the first night we stopped, several miles before we reached the Coco River, at the home of a woman whose son, a civilian, had been killed by an airplane bomb. "We made a very tiny coffin," she remarked, without visible emotion, "because both his legs were blown off."

On the following morning we ascended the Coco River, breakfasted at the river settlement, and then forded directly into the *reten* of Colonel Guadalupe Rivera, a grizzled soldier and wealthy *hacendado* who had turned his place, Santa Cruze, into a Sandino outpost.

More jungle then—humid, reeking. A soldier plucks twenty dollars' worth of purple orchids (New York quotation) and sticks them in the band of his sombrero. Troops of screaming monkeys swing past, stopping occasionally to grimace at us. From the depths of the forest, mountain lions roar. Huge macaws wing across the sky, crying hoarsely and flashing crimson. We ford and reford the north-flowing tributary, for endless hours we toil across the Yali range, and finally drop down near Jinotega in another night of driving rain over a road where the horses roll pitifully, up to their bellies in mud.

A few miles from Jinotega, where a hundred marines were stationed, our little group of thirty men swung boldly, in broad daylight, out through the smiling open country of farms and meadows filled with cattle and wild horses; but occasionally the men scanned the sky apprehensively for airplanes. Here the soldiers singled out the farms of *Cachurecos* (Conservatives) and confiscated horses and saddles. This was the only instance of forced requisitioning I observed on the entire trip. At a ranch-house riddled with the bullets of innumerable conflicts where, during his earlier struggles, Sandino had his headquarters, we learn that he has just arrived in San Rafael del Norte. We dispatch a courier.

At eight o'clock a courier from Sandino, Colonel R, galloped to our camp with a message wrapped around his battery flashlight. Two hours of hard riding, he said, would put us in San Rafael.

In a trice we saddled our horses, and Colindres, Sequiera, Colonel R, and I set out against a racing icy wind. With bent head Colonel R shouts to me the story of the Quaker reconciliation mission that had come to San Rafael some weeks earlier, headed by Sayre and Jones, desirous of seeing Sandino but unable to get through the lines. "Sandino will absolutely not receive anyone coming from the American side," declared the Colonel.

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As we swung around a bend, the red eye of a charcoal furnace appeared on the side of the mountain. Soon we were at the first sentry outpost.

"Quien viva?"

"Viva Nicaragua!"

"Give the countersign."

"Don't sell out the fatherland."

"Advance one by one to be recognized."

A short, youngish soldier with a dark-green uniform and smoked glasses took me in tow, saying in perfect English, "You are the American," and "A warm welcome, sir."

Soon we were passing down the main street. Block after block the same peremptory challenge rang through dark guns which barred our passage till the final summons: "Stick close to the wall; advance one by one."

At the main sentry barracks the entire company was lined up at attention; rifles snapped from the ground to the shoulder as we passed. After sundry haltings we arrived at the main barracks, the sound of bugles splitting the night. Sandino's troops are evidently excellently disciplined. Colonel Estrada of General Sandino's personal staff informed us that Sandino would not see us till morning. We were escorted to the home of Colonel R for the night. In a high, bare parlor we sat down in a circle of Sandino's staff and others of his command. At my side was General Giron, ex-commandant of the Department of Peten in Guatemala, a man of fifty with a chubby, mobile face and lively gray eyes. Beside Sequiera sat General Montoyo, a scarf wrapped tight about his throat, for he was shaking from ague.

Shortly two soldiers came in to search us for arms. They removed Sequiera's pistol and my kodak—an inexplicable object. Colonel Estrada immediately ordered it returned with apologies.

After the customary formalities we were taken off at eleven-thirty to dine. The Colonel suggested that we send a note to Sandino declaring that we were at his disposal; if it seemed more convenient to receive us this same night, he should not imagine us too fatigued. The General sent back word that he was suffering with a cold on his chest and requested that we see him at—4 a. m.!

Finally the officers withdrew, whereupon Colonel R and his beautiful wife pulled out the family album. Yawning, we duly admired the contents. A more interesting series of photographs showed the bombing of Chinandega by American pilots. Horrible scenes, indeed! An entire street laid in ruins and sprinkled with mangled bodies. A hospital with tumbled walls and broken bodies of patients. A bank building with a smashed safe.

After too few hours of sleep the blast of the bugler brought me to, fumbling for matches and shoes at the grim hour of four, according to schedule. In less than half an hour, Sandino received me in his office in the rear main barracks by the light of a lantern.

Sandino was born on May 19, 1893, in the village of Niquinohomo. He is short, not more than five feet five. When I saw him he was dressed in a uniform of dark brown with almost black puttees, immaculately polished; a silk red-and-black handkerchief knotted about his throat; and a broad-brimmed Texas Stetson hat, pulled low over his forehead and pinched shovel-shaped. Occasionally, as we conversed, he shoved his sombrero to the back of his head and hitched his chair forward. This gesture revealed straight black hair and a full forehead. His face makes a straight line from the temple to the jaw-bone. His jaw-bone makes a sharp angle with the rest of his face, slanting to an even, firm jaw. His regular, curved eyebrows are arched high above liquid black eyes without visible pupils. His eyes are of remarkable mobility and refraction to light—quick, intense eyes. He is utterly without vices, has an unequivocal sense of personal justice and a keen eye for the welfare of the humblest soldier. "Many battles have made our hearts hard, but our souls strong" is one of his pet sayings. I am not sure of the first part of the epigram, for in all the soldiers and all of the officers I talked to he has stimulated a fierce affection and a blind loyalty and has instilled his own burning hatred of the invader.

"Death is but a tiny moment of discomfort not to be taken seriously," he repeats over and over to his soldiers. Or he will say: "Death most quickly singles out him who fears death."

There is a religious note in his thinking. He frequently mentions God—"God the ultimate arbiter of our battles;" or "God willing, we go on to victory;" or "God and our mountains fight for us." His sayings run from tongue to tongue through his little army.

In our interview with Sandino he first mentioned some battles fought near Chipote. He claimed that all told nearly four hundred marines had lost their lives. This, of course, was an obvious exaggeration. General Feland insisted that only seventeen have died, but I am convinced after talking with many marine officers that the American casualties total between forty and sixty.

After describing the manner in which several American airplanes were brought down, Sandino in rapid fire gave me the basis of his demands in the present struggle: first, evacuation of Nicaraguan territory by the marines; second, the appointment of an impartial civilian President chosen by the notables of the three parties—one who has never been President and never a candidate for the Presidency; third, supervision of the elections by Latin America.

"The day these conditions are carried out," declared Sandino, "I will immediately cease all hostilities and disband my forces. In addition I shall never accept a government position, elective or otherwise. I shall not accept any government salary or pension. No position, no salary—this I swear. I will not accept any personal reward either today or tomorrow, or at any time in the future."

He left his chair and paced to and fro to emphasize this point. He stated vehemently: "Never, never will I accept public office. I am fully capable of gaining a livelihood for myself and my wife in some humble, happy pursuit. By trade I am a mechanic and if necessary I will return to my trade. Nor will I ever take up arms again in any struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives, nor, indeed, in any other domestic struggle—only in case of a new foreign invasion. We have taken up arms from the love of our country because all other leaders have betrayed it and have sold themselves out to the foreigner or have bent the neck in cowardice. We, in our own house, are fighting for our inalienable rights. What right have foreign troops to call us outlaws and bandits and to say that we are the aggressors? I repeat that we are in our own house. We declare that we will never live in cowardly peace under a government installed by a foreign Power. Is this patriotism or is it not? And when the invader is vanquished, as some day he must be, my men will be content with their plots of ground, their tools, their mules, and their families."

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Presidential Possibilities
V
William E. Borah

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The fifth in a series of studies of the candidates

IF any man in public life has been more often pictured and dissected and journalistically psychoanalyzed than Senator Borah of Idaho it would be interesting to know who he is. Mr. Coolidge, perhaps, but that is only because he happens to be in the White House. Senator Borah is a puzzle, an enigma, who daily challenges the newspapermen to explain him and his motives and the fact that he is not the very greatest figure in Washington, which they think he ought to be. His early history has been rehearsed so often as to be known by all interested. His fearless prosecution as district attorney of Moyer, Pettibone, and Haywood, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners in the Idaho mining troubles in 1904 when even the Governor of Idaho was killed, drew attention to him as a man of extraordinary tenacity, resource, courage, and relentless determination. The tale has often been told of the train which, with blinds drawn, Mr. Borah successfully used at a grave crisis as a bluff, pretending that it contained troops. But this was only one dramatic moment in a tragic episode which shook his State to its foundations, launched Mr. Borah upon his national career, and brought him in 1907 to the Senate to make him often the despair of his associates and of the daily press. The large city dailies, particularly the writers on finance, have railed at him as if he were the devil's image. There have been periods when these same men applauded him with fervor for standing firm against some dangerous fad or radicalism. He is often the *bête noire* of those conservatives who think he ought to be "good" and pray that he soon will be, while liberals and radicals have for years seen their hopes rise and fall that here was the predestined one who was to lead the country out of the wilderness of special privilege, corruption, and black reaction back to progress and our abandoned personal liberties. Each group in our public life has turned to him only to be repelled and disillusioned. Yet there he stands, a great figure, a demonstration of how a single powerful personality can achieve a position of great influence without that passionate following which, in this country, helps one so effectively to climb to the highest political peak. Mr. Borah remains a lone fighter and not the leader of an army.

He is admittedly the greatest constitutional authority in Congress and probably its ablest debater—certainly he is one of the few in the Senate who measures up to the pre-Civil War giants. Other men are "dinner bells" who empty seats whenever they arise. When it is known that Borah is going to speak the cloakrooms begin to empty and the Senate Chamber and galleries to fill. He does not waste himself by speaking often, which is frequently a vexation to friends who wish him to declare himself on the particular question which is exciting them, especially when they know him to be in sympathy with their views. When he does take a position he prepares for it weeks in advance and goes into action so heavily laden with ammunition that it is extremely dangerous to engage him at close range.

A man of most determined and most impressive exterior, William E. Borah looks like a leader of men and of ideas, and a born fighter. His Western habit of wearing his thick, dark hair long does not produce the impression of eccentricity, but rather adds to the leonine aspect of his face, which bears every appearance of courage and of ability, yet is singularly free from the deep lines one might expect to find in one who has long been in public life. He is cast in so large a physical mold that one has a right to expect big things of him, and he keeps himself in such excellent physical condition that one senses at once his ability to undertake any kind of a parliamentary struggle. More than that, his industry is tireless, his life remarkably regulated. His daily horseback ride in Rock Creek Park is as much an institution in the Capital as the Washington Monument itself. Few other men in the Senate have as good a record for attendance and for roll-call. Sought as a speaker all over the United States, he speaks outside the Senate only on rare occasions, and wins the first pages of the newspapers when he does so. He has the rare ability to make converts as he stands and speaks, and that is an achievement when one addresses men who usually have made up their minds, or have had them made up for them, long before the debate begins. He towers in debate above most of his contemporaries like a battleship in a fleet of light cruisers.

And still Mr. Borah does not fill the place to which his powers entitle him. There can be no doubt whatever that, if the Republican Party at its coming convention should choose the intellectually ablest among the Presidential candidates, it would have to select William E. Borah. There is only the remotest chance that this will happen; that revolves about the possibility of Mr. Borah's coming to the front in a deadlock and making a sudden tremendous impression on, let us say, the subject of prohibition and the enforcement of the Constitution, a sort of prohibition cross-of-gold and crown-of-thorns speech, to sweep the delegates from their seats. The possibility of this is so remote that an English journalist has chided me for even including Mr. Borah in this series of Presidential Possibilities. His old and extremely rotten party will surely decline to bestow its highest honor upon its ablest Senator, who would seem to have earned it by years of arduous labor.

What is the explanation? Is it that he merits the designation of the Lone Wolf who usually leaves the pack to hunt by himself? Is it true that his hand is against all

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men? That he is so individualistic that he will never pull in the traces? That he is erratic, peculiar, unstable, incapable of sustained loyalty? That he is without a carefully thought-out program? That he is thinking constantly of Mr. Borah? That he has lost his power to fight any fight to the end? That he can no longer see a thing through without counting the cost to himself? In all friendliness the truth must be written—it is not easy to pen when one so likes and admires a man and is proud to call him friend—that it is William E. Borah who is himself his worst enemy. He alone presents the great and as yet impassable obstacle which has prevented him from either leading his party in unquestioned primacy, or from being the great champion of those masses who, thoroughly disillusioned and discontented, will have nothing to do with either party.

These dissenters long for nothing so much as for a brave, outspoken leader willing to cast his all into the scales, caring not what happens to him or to his own reputation. This the five-million vote for Mr. La Follette showed. What could not Mr. Borah do today if he were to say "a plague o' both your houses" and decide to head a new party as Mr. La Follette did in 1924? Borah voted for the war; he did not bolt in 1912 when Roosevelt split his party and declared it to be utterly bankrupt in character and morals. He did not vote or speak for Robert La Follette in 1924, though he asked and received a letter of indorsement from that great American to use in his own campaign for reelection. He has been entirely regular whenever it has come to a crisis.

Yet the threat of revolt is always there, and reliable reports have it that before the death of President Harding Mr. Borah was ready to do precisely what Senator La Follette did—if only the sinews of war were forthcoming. There seems to be foundation for this belief; at about that time, that is, in July, 1923, Senator Borah made a speech attacking vigorously both of the old parties, a speech that met with an amazing response from press and public at the time. But Harding died; the scene changed. The obscure, unpopular, and distrusted Vice-President became President and subsequently succeeded himself.

It may have been the absence of large means which kept Mr. Borah from crossing the Rubicon—though this is hardly likely, for there is one Senator who for several years, until quite recently in fact, was ready to invest millions and do his utmost to place Mr. Borah in the Presidency. It may have been the extraordinarily sudden change in the White House and Mr. Borah's own rise to the headship of the Foreign Relations Committee, with the veto power this gives him over the President's foreign policies, which brought about a different attitude. The fact is that, if it is true that in 1923 he was ready to go it alone he now appears to have lost his zeal. A writer in the *Independent* declares that the Senator's stock as a possible Presidential candidate has never been so low. I do not think this is true, and I insist that Mr. Borah himself could change this overnight if he would only cut loose and talk the real truth as he knows it with such sincerity and vigor as, for example, mark Senator James A. Reed. It would need only a declaration on Borah's part that he proposed to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth to start things. If he were then to say only what he as an honest man, and one of brains, must think of the Coolidge Administration, it would electrify the country. Should he then speak out about the Republican Party, as did Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, he would make his nomination on a third ticket inevitable. I am not saying that such a course would land Senator Borah in the White House, but I do maintain that it would give him the moral political leadership of the country. Yet, as in 1923, he lets I dare not wait upon I would.

Obviously this man is not a Lone Wolf, for he has returned to the pack at crucial times. He has pulled in the traces on innumerable occasions—as during the war days. He is not incapable of loyalty because he is still loyal to some brands of Republicanism which his party today stands for. He has also been loyal to the timid little man in the White House. He is certainly not thinking all the time of William E. Borah, for in that case he would not have fought for numerous unpopular causes such as the recognition of Russia, the return of German enemy property, the restoration of civil liberties, the overhauling of the Alien Property Custodian's office, the recodification of international law, and numerous other things, to say nothing of his constant antagonizing of the powers that be in Wall Street. Mr. Borah still does battle against injustice without counting the cost to himself. His mind, when determinedly set to a course, holds to it as truly as a Sperry automatic electric helmsman steers a transatlantic liner. But the courses upon which he sets it are fewer, lead through smoother waters, and are less dramatic. When it appears to him that there is, after all, not as much at stake as he thought, the course may be abandoned, or the ship allowed to zigzag or turn about for another port. Take this very question of the Alien Property Custodian. Mr. Borah himself pushed through the Senate the resolution appointing a committee, of which he became the chairman, to overhaul the records of that office, which is a mass of graft and favoritism. Something changed the situation in his opinion; with the weapon given to his hand, he has never used it. Similarly, he has now dropped his proposed investigation of the situation in Nicaragua.

When Jane Addams and others appealed to him for his aid in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and referred to the extraordinary outburst of opinion the world over against the execution of these men, Senator Borah replied most mistakenly that "It would be a national humiliation, a shameless, cowardly compromise of national courage to pay the slightest attention to foreign protests, or mob protests at home." Foreign interference he declared "to be an impudent and wilful challenge to our sense of decency and dignity and ought to be dealt with accordingly." Two days later he swung around to the other side, and, when it was too late, offered his services freely to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee to aid in getting things done. Curiously enough, there is not another man in the Senate who has so often touched England and Europe on the raw by expressing his opinions as to what they should do to set their own houses in order and how they should behave in international affairs.

Speaking of foreign affairs, Mr. Borah declared in 1914 with much truth that America's unpopularity among the nations is caused by her "incapacity" for minding her own affairs, but he later joined those who wished the United States to enter the war—the frontiersman's readiness to resort to violence coming to the front. He declared that it was "the crucial hour for American liberty"; that the war was "for American honor and American lives." He went with the mob at first only to wake up quickly to a realization of the fearful consequences to the United States of allowing Mr. Wilson to subordinate all constitutional safeguards to the waging of war; and he has done penance ever

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since. He now realizes the incredible folly of trying to right any human wrong by the crime of using force, and he states this in these words:

> I am opposed to the recognition of the right to employ force against a sovereign nation in any contemplated plan of peace. After 2,000 years of this worship of force, after 2,000 years of this teaching what are the results; what are the fruits? If anyone is familiar with the vernacular of Hell, let him undertake to paint the picture. Human tongue is inadequate to the task.

Which is precisely, of course, what those who opposed the United States going into the war said at the time when Senator Borah was being swept off his feet by his belief that American honor demanded our plunging into hell.

The enemies of the people, namely, the business powers that control our government through the medium of the Republican Party which they own, are too often right in saying that Senator Borah can be counted on to draw back just before the irrevocable step. The Washington correspondents have in their files the record of too many causes which Mr. Borah once embarked upon and did not carry through. Yet there is no man in Washington whom they go to more quickly and eagerly when he has a statement to give out; none whom they more gladly quote on any vital question concerning events and policies at home or abroad. Whatever people think of him in Europe—they are especially hurt that he never comes over to study European conditions for himself—anything that he says is immediately cabled abroad.

Let us, however, not forget. However much he may vacillate now and then, William E. Borah has done more than enough to win him the lasting gratitude of the American people. He has determinedly opposed monopoly. He has opposed our Caribbean imperialism, especially our treatment of Nicaragua, and though at one time in 1916 he favored using the armed force of the United States to protect our people in Mexico, precisely as he was in favor of going to war with Germany, he has in these latter years followed a much wiser and more humane course. Speaking at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 20, 1927, he rightly declared that "there is a higher and better, and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends." Those were thrilling and unanswerable speeches he made against the vicious peace treaty and its injustices. It was he who later pointed out the indefensible character of the Shantung awards and rammed home the fact that nearly one-third of the population of the world protested against the territorial maladjustments of the peace treaty. In fact, his fight against ratification and against the League of Nations gives a full measure of his farsighted statesmanship—it is inconceivable that if he had been in Wilson's place at Paris any such abortion, such a mass of disgraceful compromises, could have come into existence and been offered to the American people as the fruit of their victory. He is often too much of an isolationist for me. But I recall his persistent statement that while opposed, in the spirit of George Washington, to any entangling alliances, he favors anything "that will bring nations closer together, promote friendliness, and remove causes of friction." It must also not be forgotten that it was Senator Borah who originally proposed the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments which took place in Washington.

Everyone owes him gratitude for his straightforward decency to our late enemies in all matters since the war, and for his advocacy of peace, notably his championship of the outlawry of war. Not the least of his services is his attitude toward Soviet Russia, his demand that we recognize the stablest government in Europe, and that we refuse to allow ourselves to be blinded in our relations with that great country because we do not like the form of its government or its social ideals.

As for his attitude on domestic issues, he remains blind like so many of the other progressive Senators to the evils of the protective tariff and fails to realize its direct connection with the wholesale corruption which has so often disgraced the Republican Party. So far as our race problem is concerned, while he has pleased the South by declaring that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments cannot be enforced because of inherent defects in those amendments, I am sure that our colored citizens will never forget that while still an attorney in Idaho he was ready to risk his life to rescue a Negro whom a mob was preparing to lynch; that he sent a ringing notice in 1921 to certain North Carolina Republicans who were trying to drive the Negroes out of the Republican Party in that State, that he would rather leave it himself than lift one finger to aid them in so undemocratic and un-American a purpose. He was early for amnesty for political prisoners. It was the same Senator Borah of Idaho who sought to place upon the statute books a law making automatic the dismissal of any official who violated the right of public assembly, or contravened the personal rights of any individual as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. "The most vital provision of the Constitution of the United States is the First Amendment." This is his deliberate opinion in an article which he contributed to *The Nation*, and he added: "There is no subject of deeper concern in these days than that of preserving the civil rights of the citizen. . . . We cannot afford to barter these rights or sacrifice them for any purpose or under any circumstances."

So there we have William E. Borah, leader of the Senate, still somewhat youthful in effect as he takes the floor, quiet, poised, speaking frankly and directly, with clear enunciation and a musical voice. A tremendous believer in oratory, he is none the less free from the mannerisms of the ordinary spellbinder. He is never theatrical and rarely stops for an effect or tries for applause. If the Drys decide to bolt both parties next summer, here is their natural leader, their chief. None could be so effective as Borah if he should burn his bridges behind him and throw his fortunes into the scale. But if this does not come to pass, we should continue to see him a great, baffling personality; in the Senate he often seems a lion fighting as if at bay, justifying, as has been said, his every act and every position by Constitutional precedents, and continuing to worship at the shrine of the Founders of the Republic. Behind his slightly smiling lips, his kindly, searching, amused eyes, his keenness of mien, will continue to be the threat of a sudden glacier-like response overwhelming his adversaries whom he often goads into fury, trapping them by seemingly innocent and simple questions. Men will continue to admire the powers in him. Reformers will still feel that he is one of the few men in public life who can be stirred by a principle to battle fiercely for that principle. The public will, somehow, sense his greatness. But the marvel will remain that he whom nature plainly destined for a foremost place in our political life is by himself kept from occupying it.

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Murdered Miners

By POWERS HAPGOOD and MARY DONOVAN

Wilkes-Barre, February 27

IN the little anthracite coal town of Pittston, Pennsylvania, the contract mining system and the struggle between the progressives and conservatives in the miners' union have taken a toll of two lives in the past few weeks. The life of another man hangs by a thread, while three miners of the insurgent group are now in the Luzerne County jail charged with murder.

Thomas Lillis was shot in the back and killed from ambush just after midnight of January 19 as he was returning home from a union meeting. He was one of an insurgent group in Local 1703, United Mine Workers of America, composed of employees of Number 6 Colliery of the Pennsylvania Coal Company. A week previous the entire insurgent slate of local officers had been elected over the old officials composed of contractors and followers of Rinaldo Cappellini, president of the 60,000 union miners of District 1. At this time Alex Campbell, a progressive leader and opponent of Cappellini, whose house had been dynamited a year previous, was elected check-weighman of Colliery Number 6. The company refused to recognize him and shut the mine down rather than allow him to serve in the position to which he was elected. This lockout of the Number 6 miners resulted in plans of the insurgents to bring on strike the employees of other mines operated by the Pennsylvania Coal Company.

Several unsuccessful conferences were held between the newly elected local union officers and the officials of the coal company. The local men urged the district officers to act in bringing about a settlement, but with no results. Number 6 worked only two days in January—not at all in February.

On February 16 Sam Bonita, president of Local 1703, with Adam Moleski and Steve Mendola of the Grievance Committee, came to Wilkes-Barre to the district office of the miners' union to speak with the district officials about the lockout at Number 6. Cappellini was not in, but the men talked with three other district officials, including Organizer Frank Agati, referred to in the press as "Cappellini's personal bodyguard." In the course of a few second's conversation Agati questioned Bonita's honesty and then, according to Moleski, hit the local union president in the nose. Shooting then began. Agati fell, mortally wounded, and the three local union officers fled.

There were six bullet holes in the office walls and window, one in the wall against which Bonita stood. Bonita's gun, which he had been given a permit to carry after the murder of Lillis, held five shots. When found it was empty. After making his escape Bonita returned twenty-four hours later and gave himself up, saying he shot in self-defense. Moleski had immediately gone to the district attorney's office to state the facts of the shooting and Mendola had been arrested.

Eight miners to whom I talked the week-end after the shooting said Agati was always armed and often carried two guns conspicuously in his hip-pockets for the purpose of intimidation. The police of Pittston in investigating the death of Lillis found that two criminals had been staying in town for the two days previous to Lillis's murder. One was from Buffalo and the other from Philadelphia, both wanted for murder in their respective cities. The morning following the murder one of these men sent several hundred dollars home to his family. Both had disappeared from town the day after the murder and have not been found. Their landlord admitted to the police that Agati had been their visitor during their stay in Pittston.

Agati was also a contractor in the mines. The system of contract mining has been bitterly fought, especially in Pittston by the insurgent group. The contractors, who are members of the union, take over an entire section of the mine and employ from two to a hundred or more other union men to work for them. The majority of them do not stay more than an hour a day in the mine, but appear at the pay window the first and fifteenth of the month for wages for coal dug by their employees. Many of them have other jobs. The most vicious feature of this system is that it lends itself to graft, and the men say that those contractors who are willing to pay a substantial "throw back" to the various mine bosses are given good places in the mines. It is also said that the district officials receive a "throw back" from the contractors. In 1920 Cappellini, at that time a rank-and-file miner in Pittston and friend of Campbell, led the fight against the contract system which resulted in its abolishment. As a result of this he was swept into office by an overwhelming vote in 1923. Hardly had he become district president, however, before the contractors again were allowed to return to the mines in Pittston.

Even though the contractors make tremendous wages, the advantages to the company are many. Under the agreement between the coal companies and the United Mine Workers, the companies themselves cannot reduce wages. If they let their mines out on special contracts, however, the contractors can employ their fellow-union men to work for them, pay them the regular day wages as laborers, and force them to produce from 50 to 100 per cent more coal than the men would have to produce for the same wages if working directly for the company. This system makes it possible for the companies to under-cut the scale agreement without repudiating their agreement as they did in the bituminous region. All the old officers of Local 1703 were contractors. None of the new ones are. Alex Campbell, Sam Bonita, and other insurgent leaders have very definite plans again to abolish the contract system, this time permanently.

Three days after the fight resulting in Agati's death, Sam Greco, an insurgent leader, was shot three times in the head and probably fatally wounded as he was going home with his wife in the evening. It is generally believed in Pittston that this was a direct reprisal for the killing of Agati. Greco is a member of the Grievance Committee at the Number 6 Colliery. A few hours after he was shot he sent for Alex Campbell, told him "they had got" him and would "get" Campbell next. The doctors say Greco's recovery is doubtful and that, if he lives, he will be blind.

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Local Union 1703 has elected a group to work for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. Though it is quite evident that Bonita shot in self-defense, the district officials are anxious to discipline in every way the insurgent groups, the most active of which is in Pittston. All three have been formally charged with murder and the district officials of the United Mine Workers are the chief witnesses against them. Moleski was out on bail as a material witness for several days until the preliminary hearing against Bonita. When he insisted in his testimony that Bonita was attacked by Agati before he fired, he was remanded to jail without bail and on February 25 was charged with murder. The administration in the miners' union is determined that the three men shall die in the electric chair, the opposition just as determined that they shall be freed.

Wilkes-Barre, February 29

Yesterday the bodies of Alex Campbell and Peter Reilly, also one of the progressive union leaders, were found in Reilly's car less than 100 yards from Campbell's house. The bodies were riddled with shotgun bullets, Reilly's head having been completely severed from his body.

[Powers Hapgood and Mary Donovan were arrested on March 4, when a group of miners attempted to hold a meeting to raise funds for the defense of Sam Bonita, Moleski, and Mendola. The charge on which the prisoners were held was "inciting, encouraging, and provoking a riot" and with "having been unlawfully concerned in a riot and unlawful assembly."—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE following letter, which has been trying to catch up with the Drifter for several weeks, rebukes the Drifter for his uncomplimentary remarks about an Innsbruck hotel-keeper.

> I received your issue of October 19 in Innsbruck, and up to that reading had been inclined to look upon the Drifter as a worldly and knowing person. Your story about the tram conductor in Verona who let his passengers wait while he earned a fee is good, and characteristic of Italy, in the old days before Mussolini had begun his regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder. But why should it be prefaced by the story of a surly hotel-keeper charging an outrageous price for a cheerless room in Innsbruck?
>
> A really wise and wordly Drifter would have walked further from the station and the neighborhood of tourist hotels on wide clean streets and tried his luck in the old town of crooked byways, arcaded sidewalks, and native hostelries. Here, under a huge swinging golden rose he could have turned into a spotless white-washed entrance —an "altes Haus, renoviert"—where he would have found the most heavenly combination of modern conveniences (adequate heat and plumbing), local Old World atmosphere, and pleasant service for the modest sum of five Austrian schillings, or eighty-five cents a night.
>
> Here, in the low-ceiled raftered dining-room, sitting on an oaken settle running under the pewter and majolica plates and landscapes of the Tyrolean Mountains hung on the walls, he could have consumed an excellent dinner, including a generous portion of the best sweet wine in the world, known as muscatela, for another seventy-five cents.
>
> And here he could have watched the life of the village pass before him in review. The courteous spade-bearded host is never far away, and later his wife comes in to join a game of checkers and make sure her guests are comfortable and well served.
>
> No, to be exploited in Innsbruck—or, for that matter, anywhere else in Austria—is, like side whiskers, a man's own fault.

* * * * *

THE Drifter feels properly humble, but he offers an amendment and an excuse. The incident in Verona took place in 1924 in spite of Mussolini's "regime of efficiency-by-espionage-and-murder." The Innsbruck unpleasantness can be blamed partly upon the fact that by the time the Drifter arrived there his adventurous spirit had been emaciated by a severe head-cold and he flopped into the nearest hotel that had a room left. The next day he did penetrate into the real Innsbruck and found it pleasant, tobacco smoke and all. But here he must perpetrate another heresy. Spoiled as he is by the rich warm color of the Rockies, he found the gray mountains around Innsbruck depressing. He tried to overcome it and went a cold day's carriage ride into them, to the tiny village of Sölden. He stayed—and shivered—for a week. The snow peaks thrilled him, the inn was pleasant and cheap, the beer was delicious, but the August sun seemed to give no heat and, worst of all, the rivers and streams of that section are filled, not with the clear green glacial water that makes a joy of thirst, but with a murky liquid, gray like the mountains. If he had felt like scaling peaks he might have been warm and happy—but there was that head-cold. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Pan-American Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sandino was kept out of the Sixth Pan-American Conference at Havana, but the Woman's Party of the United States got in. The conference had a definite program to work from, and a definite plan for dealing with it. The question of equal rights for women was not in that plan. When the Fifth Pan-American Conference in Santiago de Chile in 1923 recommended on vote of Maximo Soto Hall, delegate from Guatemala, the inclusion in the agenda for the succeeding conference of a study of methods for obtaining equal rights before the law for the women of the twenty-one American countries, no one—probably not even Sr. Soto Hall himself—expected much.

The Sixth Conference, assembling in Havana this January, certainly did not dream of a feminine invasion. Women never had disturbed the Pan-American delegates by so much as a petition, and it would have seemed highly unreasonable to expect such disturbance in Cuba of all places. In Cuba the new constitution grants women the vote, then automatically nullifies it by a joker in another Article, but the women had it protested. When the delegates arrived, they found with some amusement that two members of the National Woman's Party—Doris Stevens, chairman of the Committee on International Action, and Mrs. Clarence Smith, chairman of the National Council—had been in Havana for a week, and had established headquarters in the Hotel Sevilla Biltmore, where the purple, white, and gold Woman's Party flag fluttered from the balcony along with the flags of the twenty-one sovereign American states, and a few days later Mrs. Valentine Winters arrived from Ohio and Muna Lee from Porto Rico.

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Little by little the delegates became aware of an activity and a controlled excitement, a constant concentrated challenge.

Miss Stevens and Mrs. Winters, on the day after their arrival, called upon Dr. Bustamante, head of the Cuban delegation and soon-to-be-elected president of the Sixth Conference. They told him what they wanted: that the conference recommended the negotiation of a treaty which when ratified would give equal rights to men and women before the law in all the countries of America. Dr. Bustamante, although friendly and interested, pointed out the difficulties of such a course.

"And we want a chance to present the case for equal rights to the Pan-American Congress in plenary session," flashed Doris Stevens, waving difficulties to one side.

Dr. Bustamante murmured something about "the rules." Miss Stevens and Mrs. Smith had the rules with them and turned to the paragraph stating that the congress might invite whom it pleased to speak on any subject about which the members wished to hear.

Mr. Hughes, likewise, assured the women that so far as he was concerned there would be no objection to having the women appear before the conference. Obviously, the thing to do was to get invited! People began to drop in at the Sevilla headquarters, invitations to speak began to come too, and none of them was ever refused. Organization after organization of Cuban women heard and eagerly responded to the plan for a treaty granting equal rights to the women of the Americas. Detailed press stories were sent out daily in Spanish and in English. An increasing army of women lobbied every delegate. The poor men opened any one of the five leading Havana dailies to find an equal-rights story staring at them from the Spanish headlines. They drove up to the university where the conference was in session and were amazed to meet women coming to them with the same quiet demand. They went out to dinner in the evening and sat next to a woman who asked pleasantly in Spanish or English or Portuguese or French: "How soon will women have their hearing?" There was no escape—not at the Yacht Club or the Jockey Club, not by the roulette wheel at the Casino or on the golf course, not even when presumably safe in their offices or at their hotels. Wherever there were women there was that insistent question: "When shall we have our hearing?" In the Law Building —the *Edificio de Derecho*—which was the center of the conference, a table draped with the Woman's Party's purple, white, and gold was a center from which radiated many currents of activity. These women received lobby assignments, discussed methods of getting the treaty before the congress, distributed literature, and answered questions about "the first treaty, in the history of the world," as Doris Stevens explained through the columns of a hundred papers in half a dozen languages, "proposed by women on behalf of women."

The enthusiasm and energy of the Cuban women was unequivocal answer to all who had ever said (and how many they have been!) that the Latin woman does not want her rights; that the Latin woman will not speak in public; that the Latin woman is bound by customs which she cannot break.

Help began to come from within. Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, Colombian Minister in Washington, Dr. Bustamante, Dr. Ferrara of Cuba, Dr. Amézaga of Uruguay, Dr. Alfaro of Panama, Dr. Guerrero of Salvador, Dr. Garcia of Mexico, all declared themselves heartily in favor of an open hearing. Then entire delegations fell into line—Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Cuba, Salvador, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Paraguay. The day when Dr. Varela Acevedo, president of the Uruguayan delegation and ex-Minister of Uruguay in Washington, proposed in the Committee on Initiatives that the open hearing be granted, Dr. Pueyrredon of Argentina seconded the motion, and it was carried without dissent. The open hearing which "could not be granted" became an accomplished fact, at the cordial invitation of the Pan-American Conference itself.

The women presented their case briefly and urgently. For the United States, Doris Stevens and Mrs. Clarence Smith spoke; for Cuba, Dr. Julia Martinez, Sra. Maria Montalvo de Soto Navarro, Sra. Angela Zaldivar and Sra. Pilar Jorge de Tella; for the Dominican Republic, Sra. Plintha Wos y Gil; for Porto Rico, Muna Lee. That was Porto Rico's only appearance at the conference. Fifteen hundred women who had crowded into the Aula Magna of the university and had been standing, waiting, an articulate, swaying mass, for more than three hours, burst repeatedly into joyous applause which was echoed here and there from the places where the delegates listened with divided emotions but unified attention. Outside, thousands were crowding up the splendid flight of white stairs, while the radio amplifiers carried the speeches through the bright Cuban air. It was a larger and far more responsive crowd than that which had heard Presidents Machado and Coolidge some weeks earlier.

"We are glad the conference granted the women that hearing," *El Pais* remarked editorially that afternoon, "else we should likely have seen something comparable to the storming of the Bastille!"

The result was immediate. The conference unanimously voted to have the report on equal rights received and discussed in plenary session rather than in one committee. When that report was made, a resolution was voted declaring that an Inter-American Committee of Women be constituted, to prepare information to enable the next Pan-American Conference to study constructively the civil and political equality of women. This committee is to consist of seven women, appointed by the Pan-American Union, the number to be increased by the committee itself until each republic is represented thereon.

At least in this hemisphere no more international codes are to be written concerning women without consulting women. The struggle for equal rights has become an inter-American movement. The women of no country will look upon the cause as won until it is won for all. Here at last is a unity of ideal and effort which establishes a real, a spontaneous, a spiritual commonwealth of Pan-America.

MUNA LEE DE MUNOZ MARIN

San Juan, Porto Rico, March 1

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS, author of "Brimstone and Chile" and "Mexico: An Interpretation," has been living in Mexico City for several years. He was sent as a special correspondent to Nicaragua by *The Nation*.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, France, Wales, Germany, and Russia; MARY DONOVAN was secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

GEORGE STERLING, who died last year, was a famous California poet.

R. F. DIBBLE'S latest biography is "Mohammed."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

JOSHUA KUNITZ is lecturer in Russian literature at the College of the City of New York.

WILBERT SNOW is a New England poet, author of "Maine Coast."

ABBE NILES has made a special study of popular music and poetry.

SOLOMON BLUHM is associate editor of the *Reflex*.

ELLEN LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly" and "The Ethics of Opium."

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Books and Plays

Two Sonnets[1]

By GEORGE STERLING

The Unavailing

Alas! these mad monotonies I cry,
  Seeking for love a music and a speech,
  Striving in untranslated pain to teach
My soul a tongue that, living, could not die!
How mute the clouds and stars upon the sky,
  And yet how great their anthem! On the beach
  Toward hills that cannot hear the billows reach,
And hearing, changeless were the hills' reply.

Earth and her voices babble or are still:
  So must it be forever. If it be
    That Heaven awaits, and all the harps thereof,
In strains angelic half our thoughts must thrill,
  In songs celestial half our ecstasy,
    In that eternal music half our love!

Glen Ellen.

Hesperia

What spoils of perfectness from far and wide
  Were gathered for thy full perfectitude!
  What blossoms delicate and subtly-hued,
And nacre from the moon's unsullied side,
Upon thy maiden countenance abide!
  And on thy mouth lost roses are renewed
  And in thine eyes celestial light is dewed.
Ah! that thy voice might live what music died!

Thou art the sum of all, and final sweet
Of all fair things made hopelessly complete.
  Thy feet on deathless asphodels are led;
    Thou waitest where the gates of vision are,
  With Heaven a golden mist beyond thy head,
    As lies the sunset round the evening star.

Carmel.

[1] From "Sonnets to Craig," soon to be published by A. and C. Boni.

First Glance

IN 1921 a group of young men in Nashville, Tennessee, most of them connected, I believe, with Vanderbilt University, became interested in the writing of poetry. They had formed the habit of meeting one another regularly to discuss a variety of intellectual matters; now they discussed poetry—not poetry in general, or poetry as it ought to be written, but poetry as they might write it if they tried. The experiment prospered; manuscripts piled up; and soon they were publishing a magazine called the *Fugitive*, which ran under a kind of cooperative editorship for three years and a half. Then it stopped, having become famous far beyond the confines of Tennessee and having, perhaps, run its due course and performed all the service of which it was capable. But the poets did not stop. John Crowe Ransom has found a public in England and America for two volumes of distinguished verse; Donald Davidson has followed with two more; Laura Riding (a later addition to the group) has published two of her own; while Allen Tate and others, removed to new sections of the country, have continued to represent American poetry in one of its most advanced and interesting aspects.

Eleven of the lot have recently combined to exhibit in an anthology called "Fugitives" (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50) a number of specimens expressive of the group. That it is an important anthology no one abreast of the times will deny. But there is more to say about it than simply that. To me it is an intensely interesting document bearing upon the whole question of how vital poetry gets written. I suppose there is no one formula with which the question can be answered, any more than there is a set of directions which a beginning writer can memorize in order to succeed. But I am convinced at any rate that the way taken by the Fugitives toward poetry is one of the best ways—it was the way, incidentally, of the thirteenth-century Italian poets, of the symbolists in France, and of certain late nineteenth-century English and Irish poets. It is the way of friendship and discussion; it is the way of the amateur society. The Fugitives, as they tell us in the preface to their anthology, issued no manifestos because they had no ideas as to how poetry ought to be written. Perhaps they agreed upon the kinds of poetry which should be avoided—hence the name of their society. But no dogmas were imposed upon the members, and in particular there was a fine lack of theorizing about life. They were true amateurs, meeting for a purely practical purpose and giving one another purely practical help. It is not surprising, then, that they stumbled upon the real thing or that they made a permanent contribution to American poetry.

A reader who comes upon the volume without preparation may find it difficult going at first. Mr. Ransom, Mr. Tate, and Miss Riding are not for those who read and run; nor for that matter are the other eight, though Mr. Davidson, whose poems commence the collection, is reasonably "clear." But such a reader will find it worth his while to give all of the poems his careful attention. Intricate both in form and in content, they will produce a kind of pleasure he has not known if his contact has been only with the widely advertised schools of American poetry. The Fugitives, dispersed though they now are, were together long enough to discover how poetry can be created, and their anthology is valuable if only as evidence of that fact.

MARK VAN DOREN

Stage Design

Stage Decoration. By Sheldon Cheney. The John Day Company. $10.

IN recent years stage designing has all but rivaled interior decoration in the favor of the dilettante. Armed with no more than a box of water colors and a few sheets of paper, innumerable enthusiasts have swept the vested real-estate interests of New York into the discard with a wave of the brush, and there have been more theaters than castles built in Spain. Meanwhile, of course, the conventional structures on Broadway have stubbornly refused to transform themselves into amphitheaters, circuses, spectatoria, or what not, and yet they have,

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nevertheless, slowly made one concession after another to the iconoclasts. Mr. Belasco may still cling more or less to the ways he established in the days when even he was an awe-inspiring innovator, but he has few now to follow him in his faith in the impressiveness of "real tubs"; and there is hardly to be found among the most conventional productions of the most conventional dramas a single drawing-room which does not, at least by the tendencies which it reveals in the direction of simplification, show some influence exerted by the theorists. Simonson, Jones, and their followers pretty nearly rule the Broadway which they once startled; even the Burlesque show displays to complacent patrons riotous back drops which still remind us of the invasion of Bakst and Urban; and the weird wheels of the constructivist's machine-ridden imagination may be seen revolving upon some of the smaller, more daring stages. Only the Metropolitan Opera House is still—or at least was the last time I saw the opera—reminding us of what used to be done back in the pre-Belasco era by setting "Manon Lescaut" with a gigantic easel-picture hung back stage, and this Opera House, indeed, remains, with all due respect to the Dramatic Museum at Columbia University, our most valuable Museum of Theatrical Antiquities.

Books of design have been almost as numerous and varied as designers, but Mr. Cheney's handsomely printed volume is perhaps the most comprehensive and informing conspectus which we have of the history of the *mise en scène* with special reference to recent events. It begins with a descriptive account of the general development of stage settings and a brief exposition of the various prevailing theories, but it is essentially a picture book with 256 illustrations (mostly page or half-page plates) very admirably selected from the immense number of pictures which the recent widespread interest in the subject has caused to be assembled. Through them one gets a very direct and vivid conception of the primitive conditions amidst which theatrical presentation was born, of the gradual rise of that naturalistic passion which culminated in such things as the hideously cluttered room reconstructed by Belasco for "The Return of Peter Grimm," and of the results of the contemporary restless experimentations. As long as the not-quite-realized ideal of "imitation" dominated stage design it served, exactly as it served in the plastic arts, to give a certain unity of direction to all effort, but as soon as a near-perfection of naturalism was reached pioneers started off upon each discoverable road which would lead away from it. Like the painters they agreed upon nothing except that "representation" was not what they wanted, and the conflicting schools which arose in the theater—the simplificationists, the symbolists, the expressionists, the constructivists, and the advocates of the bare Elizabethan platform or the Greek amphitheater—were merely the analogues of all the mutually contradictory theorists whose babble resounded through the studios.

Mr. Cheney takes no sides and presents the theories and the accomplishments of the various schools with complete impartiality. He agrees, moreover, that the setting must always be subordinate to the play to the extent, at least, that its purpose must always be to aid in getting the play acted, in revealing its mood, or in somehow furthering the playwright's intention; and if I disagree in any way with his presentation of the subject the disagreement goes only so far as the wish that he had more explicitly used this principle to explain the fact that there is at present so little agreement as to just where the future of staging lies. The real reason that we do not know what sort of theatrical presentations we want to have is simply that we do not know what kind of plays we want to write. As long as a predominantly realistic drama of contemporary life remains our chief dramatic form the stage designer must remain for the most part content with settings which represent no more than a tastefully simplified realism, and if our drama should develop in another direction it will be his business to take his cue from that direction.

The best unconventional settings which our theater has achieved have been—like Simonson's scenes for "Marco Millions"—efforts to solve the problem of a particular play rather than expressions of a theory on the part of the designer, and this is the only satisfactory method to follow. Some of our poorest plays have, on the contrary, been the result of an effort on the part of experimenters to write something suitable for presentation in this or that manner and have given the impression, not that the playwright wanted to say anything in particular but rather that he wanted to say something—no matter what—in a particular theatrical form. The result of this putting the cart before the horse is to spoil the drama without developing stage-craft, and it illustrates the danger of too keen an interest in the theater considered apart from the needs of the dramatist. Experiment can prepare the designer to be ready for the opportunity when it comes, but ultimately he must not lead but follow.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Ph.D., LL.D.

A Man of Learning. By Nelson Antrim Crawford. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

MR. CRAWFORD certainly knows a great deal about college presidents, but he knows even more about the "Americana" department of the *American Mercury*. The character of Arthur Patrick Redfield is a compound formed of approximately one part average college president and two parts Rotarian spirit, with a dash of deviltry and a pinch of sycophancy added to make the mixture more palatable. There are doubtless some university heads in this country who are considerably more intelligent and dignified than this burlesque representative of the type, but, just as certainly, there are many others who are even more commonplace and banal. In other words, Redfield, though a deliberate and detailed caricature, frequently gives one the uncomfortable feeling that some hundreds of American colleges would gleefully swap their present incumbents in the presidential chair for this composite specimen of the species—and throw in a half-dozen professors to boot. For Redfield is the twentieth-century go-getter par excellence; the magic of his preposterous oratory, with its myriads of cliches about service, altruism, optimism, consecrated salesmanship, and red-blooded democracy, wins the hearts of everyone who hears it. Boards of education, governors, bishops, millionaires, and even—as he learns to his eventual sorrow—his pretty librarian are so thoroughly hypnotized by his Himalayan eloquence that they promptly do his every bidding. The unfortunate experience already hinted at does not, however, disturb his magnificent self-confidence a single jot. After he decides to resign from the presidency of Thompson Walker University rather than face a committee appointed to inquire into his private life, he emigrates to Florida, becomes a booster for real estate, and makes more than a million before the crash comes. And there, with a fat flask in his hip-pocket and a copy of his "Be Loyal to Florida" in his hand, he is still Carrying On and doing ever Bigger and Better Things.

This brief outline gives some idea of the quality of Mr. Crawford's performance. Perhaps the chief fault to be found with his book is that it is not quite of a piece; its satire often lapses into farce, and its buffoonery into sheer horse-play. Like Elmer Gantry, Redfield does some things that even a triple-plated jackass would know enough to avoid doing; but Mr. Crawford, inventive and amusing though he is, lacks the epic gusto that somehow manages to redeem the inequalities of the work of Sinclair Lewis. He does not, like Lewis, create a character that is even more alive than those dreadfully realistic persons who appear monthly in the "Americana"; his realism lacks the imagination—one might almost say the high romance—that the best work of Lewis shows. He works more like a photographer than a painter, for—as Dr. Redfield himself might say—he is an artisan rather than an artist. For example, the episode in which President Atwood of Clark University made

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a fervid speech, turned out the lights, and summarily dismissed an audience that was listening to Scott Nearing appears verbatim in "A Man of Learning." But Mr. Crawford has nevertheless written a book that is going to make many sides ache and many ribs sore during the coming months.

R. F. DIBBLE

An Ironical Notation

Iron and Smoke. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

RATHER more of our English masterpieces have been written in a good solid roast-beef style than in a savory mushroom one; so let no reader who, like myself, prefers the latter turn rashly away from this unusual book.

It is not chiefly, as one reviewer has said, "the story of two women and a man who has never given himself to either, though he has taken from them what he wanted," because, as another suggests, no truly great man ever does give all of himself to his woman. It is not the story of a great friendship, as most of them agree. It cannot be compressed into any one sentence. If it could, I should say that it is an ironical notation of commonplaceness, seeking to mitigate its dulness by breaking through occasionally into the great stream of life, and then scurrying quickly back to land. I should say that it is an ironical setting of the eighteenth-century ideal of moderation in the midst of one of the most immoderate tempests history has seen. The story is not stripped to a skeleton so that its meaning can be seen by all who run. Only when the tempest subsides for a time, when the great post-war strike that follows it is over, and people tell themselves that life can again be calm and orderly, does Miss Kaye-Smith permit her ironical intention to show its head for one tremendous moment.

The two heroines hear over the radio of the ending of the strike. The announcer's voice "flowed on like cream. Suddenly she [Jenny] noticed that it had abandoned prose. Mere prose could not do justice to the corporate sense of deliverance that the voice expressed. It was the voice of sixty million British subjects, who, whatever their politics or whatever their sympathies, had suffered untold alarm and inconvenience from this threat of the world's to turn upside down." But the poetry which the announcer chose to express the relief of these sixty million creatures that the smooth surfaces of life would not again break up and dismay them was that of Blake, the seer of visions, the man who was forever breaking through surfaces to the fiery core within!

> And did the Countenance Divine
> Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
> And was Jerusalem builded here
> Among these dark Satanic mills?
>
> Bring me my bow of burning gold!
> Bring me my arrows of desire!
> Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
> Bring me my chariot of fire!

And so, having shown the hissing head of her intention, the author reverts to quietness. At one time the pleasant heroines of her book called on love; at another they called on the great prophet-poet; and both times, although they were gallant women in their separate ways, they were uneasy when the "dark wings had been spread over them." And, since they were uneasy, they went thankfully back to their habits and their routines.

The title does not bear me out in this interpretation. It has to do with the change from an agricultural to an industrial economy, the rape of Demeter, the beginning of modern war. Other things do not bear me out. It is, in fact, too complex and too suggestive a book to be compressed into a sentence.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Since Pushkin

Russian Poetry. An Anthology. Chosen and Translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. International Publishers. $2.25.

IT is difficult for a lover of poetry to be absolutely detached in his criticism of translations from his favorite poets. He is inclined to be unreasonably jealous of every word, every image, every subtlety. Refusing to accept "limitations of linguistic media" as an extenuating circumstance, he demands that the translated version be as great as the original. He brooks no makeshifts. Indignantly he rejects a translation that presents a dimmed, reduced, or distorted image of the thing he loves.

To a critic of such sensibilities, the present volume will bring little joy. Indeed, even one unacquainted with the beauty of the original would be shocked by the utter inadequacy of lines like the following:

> Then my troubled spirit is fulfilled with quiet.
> Then no more with wrinkled brow I mope and plod.
> Then I can conceive of happiness on earth here,
> And I can believe that in heaven I see God.

These lines purport to come from Lermontov—"a poetic genius," say the translators, "such as rarely graces any language." These lines purport to be a translation of one of the most beautiful stanzas in one of the most cherished lyrics in Russian literature. Needless to say that in the original the poet is not "fulfilled with quiet," that he does not "mope and plod," that he does not "conceive of happiness on earth *here*," and that instead of merely believing that he can see, he actually does see God in heaven.

But if in this anthology giants are occasionally made to look like pigmies, pigmies are often made to look like giants. Thus, Igor Severianin, a mere rhymester, a literary nonentity, appears in translation superior to Lermontov or Pushkin. And while incomparably greater poets (Gumilev, Pasternak, Mandelstamm) are completely omitted, Igor Severianin is allotted three pages. One wonders what literary criteria the translators used in their selection.

Still, certain translations in the book are excellent. Kazin's The Carpenter's Plane is really delightful. Blok's great poem Twelve retains a good deal of its original distinction. The introductory essay and the biographical sketches are very good. And, since this collection is something in the nature of a pioneer work, it is more than praiseworthy.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Refined Balladry

Minstrelsy of Maine. Folk-Songs and Ballads of the Woods and Coast. Collected by Fannie Hardy Eckstrom and Mary Winslow Smyth. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

BALLADS and folk-songs which have been sung on the Maine coast or in the Maine woods, local verses showing how mute the "inglorious Miltons" of America really are, and studies in balladry such as one finds in folk-lore magazines and Ph.D. theses make up this, the third book of its kind to come out of Maine in recent years. The ballads and songs lose three-fourths of their value because none of the airs are printed. There ought to be a law forbidding anyone to publish folk-songs and ballads without the tunes. It takes the flesh and blood of music to make these dry bones live. In this book not more than a dozen have poetic interest enough to warrant their standing alone.

Moreover, the words here are too proper. The editors themselves realize this and say quaintly enough that it should have been a man's job. No men came forward; the ballads and

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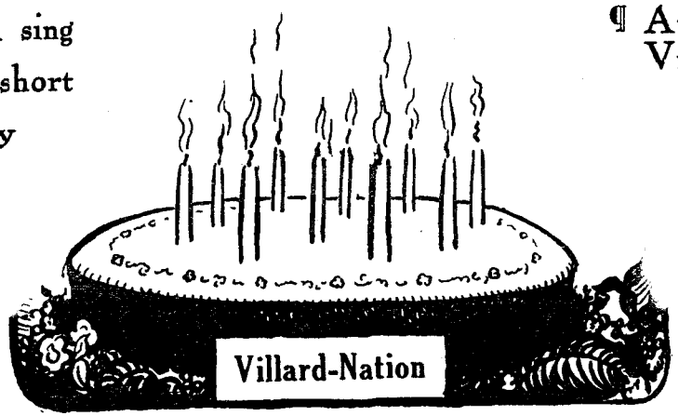
Come to the Birthday Party

Hotel Pennsylvania

March 13th

Paul Robeson will sing during dinner, and short talks will follow, by

Karl A. Bickel
Heywood Broun
Florence Kelley
Fannie Hurst
Julian W. Mack
John Haynes Holmes
James Weldon Johnson
Roger N. Baldwin
Carl Van Doren
Freda Kirchwey
Sidney Hillman



The Tenth Anniversary Committee of Nation Readers invite you to attend a dinner in honor of

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD,

celebrating his fifty-sixth birthday and his tenth Anniversary as Editor of The Nation. It will be held at the Hotel Pennsylvania Tuesday, March 13th, at 6:30 P. M. If you cannot eat with us, we hope you will come and listen to the program.

Tickets $3.50

Admission to Speaking (at 8 P. M.) $1.00, payable at the door.

¶ At eight o'clock Mr. Villard will cut his birthday cake.

¶ At eight fifteen he will receive his Birthday Present.

¶ At eight thirty the program will commence.

¶ At ten thirty it will be over and then we are invited to stay and talk as long as we like.

¶ The entire program will be broadcast over Station WEVD, New York City (by the Debs Memorial Radio Fund, which operates on a 245.8 meters wave-length).

Late News of the Birthday Present

No more announcements will be made about the birthday present until March 13, when the first copy of The Nation Book, inscribed with the names of all those who have helped to make the Tenth Anniversary a success, will be presented to Mr. Villard. At the same time all the new subscriptions which constitute our fast-growing birthday gift will actually be put into his hands. The total will be announced at that time. Remember, the list does not close until Saturday noon, March 10.

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"poems" were dying out; and they did what they could to collect and preserve the more decent portions.

The village Miltons did their work so poorly that it would seem a charity to push this part of the book into oblivion. Local pride (and we Maine-iacs, being provincial, possess more than our share) should not blind us to the fact that doggerel is doggerel. Such stanzas, for example, as

> The weather was tremendous cold,
> All mixed with snow and hail;
> It was cold enough to take our lives,
> Exclusive of the gale

have about as much poetry in them as "The Sweet Singer of Michigan" has. By the same token, the parodies and imitations of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Kipling, and Drummond are scarcely worth preserving. Now and then a local effort, such as "The Life of Nicholas Thomas" in 130 stanzas, is worth retaining because of its forthright sincerity, its naive simplicity, and its epic content, even though most of its stanzas are doggerel. It takes rare discrimination to know what to throw away; and, like most ballad enthusiasts, these editors have erred on the side of including too much.

To ballad collectors the most interesting part of the book is the portion telling of their ballad quests. One whole chapter is devoted to a search for the locale of the famous song The Jam on Gerry's Rock; another tells the bare facts about the return of the schooner A. E. Horton, a return which gave James B. Connolly his material for "The Echo of the Morn." It is a stirring tale well told. Other excursions yielded new versions of such noble songs as The Falling of the Pine and Peter Amberley. For salvaging this lore of the woods and coast the editors have put us in their debt.

To people not especially interested in ballad lore the joy of the book will be found in such unforgettable stanzas as

> And every pitch the Nancy made
> She soused her jibboom under;
> Her halyards clue came from the flue,
> And snapped with a crack like thunder.

WILBERT SNOW

Seventeen Negro Songs

My Spirituals. By Eva A. Jessye. Edited by Gordon Whyte and Hugo Frey. Illustrated by Millar. Robbins-Engel, Inc. $2.50.

THE compiler of this gaily appareled collection of seventeen spirituals is a colored woman, a qualified musician and the leader of the well and favorably known Dixieland Jubilee Singers, and she has had to go no farther for her material than to her own memories of a childhood spent at Coffeyville in southern Kansas, a one-time refuge of runaway slaves. Such a combination as hers of race, talent, and early associations is represented by few if any of the names attached to other works in this field, and it may well be assumed that the functions of the "editors" of the present volume have been largely advisory in spite of the fact that one of them, Mr. Frey, is himself to be credited with fifty of the best arrangements of spirituals in print.

Miss Jessye's work in these pages is superlatively good. Stripped of her sparkling accompaniments, which without sacrificing anything of the spirit of the songs themselves exploit their possibilities to the utmost, this would be only an average group of Negro folk-tunes, though yet a contribution to knowledge in that almost every one is here published for the first time. (Miss Jessye's "John Saw De Holy Numbah" is wholly different from the air in Johnson's "Book of American Negro Spirituals"; her "Tall Angel at de Bar," from the song of that name in Kennedy's "Mellows"; but "I'm a Po' Little Orphan" is a variant arranged by Manney of "Sin-

BORZOI BOOKS

To be published March 16th

MR. HODGE and MR. HAZARD

By ELINOR WYLIE

This delicate idyll of nineteenth-century England differs markedly from *The Orphan Angel*, yet proves even more engaging. It chronicles the brief romance of a noble and appealing figure, a poet who has spent himself in the cause of liberty. $2.50

THE AXE

By SIGRID UNDSET

"A story of thirteenth century Norway, cold, dark, brooding as the northern winter, briefly and fiercely passionate as its hot, sudden summers. . . . A fine book, deeply moving in content, icy in detachment, fiery in emotional quality."—*The Outlook.* $3.00

SOUTHERN CHARM

By ISA GLENN

A striking study of two types of women. "Some readers will find *Southern Charm* shocking; others will find it amusing. All will find it remarkably shrewd in its psychology. Miss Glenn knows feminine character. And she knows Southern women."
—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.* $2.50

THE BONNEY FAMILY

By RUTH SUCKOW

This arresting story of an American family confirms the important place which Ruth Suckow has gained in the national letters as one of the most sure and perfect craftsmen of the day. "Sarah Bonney is one of the loveliest figures in recent fiction."
—*The New York American.* $2.50

TO YOUTH

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

"*The Table* might serve as the family history of say twenty million and one families in this diverse country. Imaginative, simple, brief, it seems to me an outstanding example of a poet's picking out the essential high lights of life to illustrate a whole philosophy and a whole scheme of existence."
—*Bruce Gould in The N. Y. Evening Post.* $2.50

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, New York

In Canada, from The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

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ner, Don't Let Dis Harvest Pass," in Fisher's "70 Negro Spirituals.") Her brief introductions to the various songs, interspersed through the pages with black and white drawings as in "Mellows" (the obvious model for the format) accomplish more than the evocation of a vague propitious "atmosphere." Each credits its subject to a remembered singer in Coffeyville; further, contrives without theorizing actually to facilitate an appreciation of one spiritual's merits and an understanding of its function among, and relation to, the unnumbered others. Miss Jessye, it appears, not only can look backward but can tell what she sees so that the reader also sees it; one should write more, who can command the color, rhythm, and humor with which Miss Jessye tells, for instance, of three Coffeyville ladies:

> They were typical devotees of the old order and considered it a sacred obligation omitted if they failed to shout when the preacher delivered a stirring sermon. All three often shouted at once, and then there was excitement a plenty. It was then that Aunt Lizzie, weighing three hundred pounds, would give way to the Spirit in a manner purely fistic, while Fanny Watts strode sedately around the church with tears rolling down her cheeks.
>
> Aunt Charlotte carried on a rapid-fire conversation with the preacher during the sermon corroborating, admonishing, "Yes, suh,"—"Preach it, elduh," and shaking her fist in his face, "You'd better preach it, suh!" As the sermon would draw to a close, someone would start up the rhythmic shout, "Tall Angel at de Bar," and unable to control herself any longer, Aunt Charlotte would shout and preach, stopping at intervals to exclaim, "God tole Charlotte to shout steady." When the emotion spell was spent she would sink back in her corner breathing heavily, "Strong God."

ABBE NILES

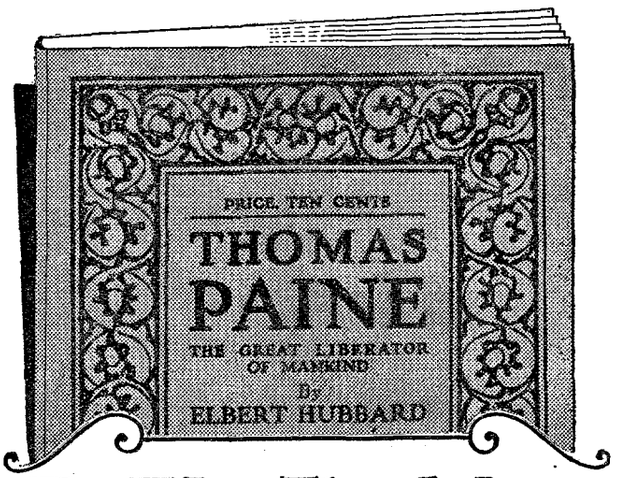
A Notable Reprint

The Polish Peasant in Europe and America. By William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki. Two volumes. Alfred A. Knopf. $10.

"THE POLISH PEASANT" is not a new or even a recent work. For a decade it has been known to sociologists as a classic example of painstaking and scholarly research into the very texture of a national grouping, and as a model for the type of constructive investigation requisite to any sane and sympathetic understanding of that congeries known as America. Published originally in five large volumes, with the imprint of Richard Badger and the University of Chicago, it was, in the very nature of things, confined to a limited circle of the initiate.

Within ten years the esoteric has become common property, sociological concepts and methods have attained respectability, and even technical vocabulary has been absorbed into popular currency. And yet not by the widest stretch of the imagination could this book be accounted a good investment for any publisher. Accordingly more than a passing grateful acknowledgment is due the zeal that now makes this study available to a larger group of readers at a reasonable price and in a text presented without emendation or abridgment.

In pursuit of their purpose the authors utilized the best type of sociological materials available—personal life records, wherever possible, such as letters and other vehicles of personal expression and confession; and out of these was constructed a fascinating and authoritative picturization of that social evolution which results from a continual interaction of individual consciousness and objective social reality. The Polish peasant is studied in his home environment, and we glimpse almost at first hand the psychology and organization of the isolated peasant communities in Poland and their evolution into integral



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He gave *his* life to laboring for mankind. Napoleon said a statue of gold should be erected to him in every city of the world. Washington paid tribute to his sound logic and unanswerable reasoning. Lincoln found his books when a young man, and they became a part of him. He declared: "I never tire of reading Paine."

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parts of the Polish national body. The progressive complication of the problems of a pure society under the inevitable disintegrating forces of a modern world is graphically portrayed. And finally the critical problems inherent in the process of Americanization are analyzed with sedulous care for social truths rather than preconceived doctrine.

> . . . "assimilation" is not an individual but a group phenomenon. . . . The individual does not stand isolated in the midst of a culturally different group. He is part of a homogeneous group in contact with a civilization which influences in various degrees all of its members. And the striking phenomenon, the central object of our investigation, is the formation of this coherent group out of originally incoherent elements, the creation of a society which in structure and prevalent attitudes is neither Polish nor American, but constitutes a specific new product whose raw materials have been partly drawn from Polish traditions, partly from the new conditions in which the immigrants live and from American social values as the immigrant sees and interprets them.

Unfortunately the studies of other national groupings, of which the authors hoped "The Polish Peasant" would be only a forerunner, have not materialized. However, the incisive methods and deductions of this pioneer study remain unchallenged and, in general, universally applicable. That it can be reprinted after a decade with its validity unimpugned is rare testimony of a work planned and executed in terms of ultimate values.

"The Polish Peasant" does not merely bear rereading. It is a source of perennial refreshment because of the diverse sources of interest it supplies. The ungarnished materials—letters, etc.—would alone justify the book. The various sectional introductions and annotations transcend in scholarship and readability the vast mass of sociological verbiage that clutters our libraries; while the general Introduction, and more especially the famous Methodological Note, seem the *sine qua non* of basic sociological procedure. No longer can any student of social affairs be condoned for his failure to own and to be thoroughly conversant with this classic. SOLOMON BLUHM

Books in Brief

Meat. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

This is a puzzling novel. Not because, as the jacket pretends, it will make people tear their hair over the problem of whether the world should be made safe for the weak at the expense of the strong—anyone with half a mind can see that the sacrifice involved is fruitless and wicked—but because of the book's unequal literary merit. Mr. Steele tells his story in a style which is finely simple, stripped of all unessentials. But if at times he writes with a poetic incisiveness which is wholly admirable, at others, and in the very same paragraph, he resorts to deliberately unexpected twists which are cheap rather than original. It becomes particularly unfortunate when he tries o combine whimsical fantasy or sentimentality with journalese slang. One can only hope for a purer and more successful amalgamation in his next book.

Dragon Lizards of Komodo. By W. Douglas Burden. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Ten-foot pig-eating lizards, Bali dancing girls, and the author's wife, served with a delicate sauce of science.

Julius Caesar and the Grandeur That Was Rome. By Victor Thaddeus. Brentano's. $5.

The trouble with this book is that it has too much of everything: too much color, inflated diction, melodrama, fiction, and "sex appeal," and decidedly too much use of the present historical tense. If a proper sense of proportion had induced Mr. Thaddeus to omit one-half of each item in this excess baggage, his book might have compared not unfavorably with Klabund's powerful sketch of Peter the Great; as it stands, however, this biography is quite as gaudy as the flamboyant purple covers and end-papers that encase it.

History of the American Working Class. By Anthony Bimba. International Publishers. $2.75.

This is a proper Communist book, taken up chiefly with a chronicle of strikes and other labor upheavals, with denunciation of the bourgeois oppressors of the honest American toilers and with scarification of the "treason" of their non-Communist leaders—that is, all the leaders they have ever had. Mr. Bimba declares that his book does not claim to be impartial. It realizes this ambition.

Drama

Tepid Romanticism

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER has written and David Belasco produced a rather old-fashioned and very ponderously named comedy entitled "The Bachelor Father" (Belasco Theater). It deals in a sufficiently decorous fashion with the adventures of an aging and irascible English gentleman who decides to gather in from the ends of the earth three illegitimate children—the fruit of his youthful indiscretions—and who (it need hardly be added) is not only softened but made a better man all around by this tardy resurgence of paternal emotions. Just the sort of play which no critic making the slightest pretense at taking the theater seriously will treat with anything more flattering than condescension, it is also just the sort which will go on quietly filling the Belasco month after month with contented customers—with people who find the "Chicagos" vulgar and the "Strange Interludes" incomprehensible, but discover in such plays as this the same sort of tepid romanticism which delights them in the fiction of the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Pictorial Review*. William Winter would have found its comfortable unreality more "wholesome" than Ibsen, and Mr. Belasco knows, to his profit, that the style which is naively supposed to have gone out with Winter is still vastly popular with his particular public.

It would be easy to point out various incidents which illustrate how flagrantly the play violates all probability even in the simple externalities of its action—to remark, for example, that one of the girl children sets out for Florence on (literally) two minutes' notice when she gets an engagement with an opera company and that the other, having been wounded in an airplane accident, is not taken to a hospital but brought back home in another airplane. It would seem, moreover, that even the least sensitive ear would recognize that the synthetic argot spoken by the American girl is far more like the laborious lingo of a second-rate sports writer than like any language ever spoken by a living person. Yet these absurdities are significant only as furnishing tangible examples of the all-pervading unreality which is as conspicuous, though less tangible, in every stroke of the characterization and every element of the atmosphere. Not one of the dramatis personae ever thinks, speaks, or acts like a human being, one touch of nature would disrupt the entire production, and we can never forget for one moment that it *is* a play.

Actually, however, to say that it is artificial is by no means to say enough. Doubtless "Hamlet" is artificial in its own way, and certainly some of the best comedies ever written have been completely artificial. The real and depressing emptiness of such plays as this results not from the fact that they are artificial but from the fact that the artifice adopted is so much duller, shallower, and more monotonous than reality. Even real people talk better and behave in more surprisingly interesting

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ways than these regularized puppets; truth is most certainly stranger than these timid fictions. In the presence of successful artifice we wish, for the moment at least, that life were like that, but in the presence of most examples of popular art we thank God that it is not.

Some years ago the critics left off praising Mr. Belasco and began to rail at him with distressing regularity. Though doubtless he does not mind, it seems hardly worth while to do so again, and yet the fact remains that he does seem to have a genuine and persistent preference for this sort of thing. He congratulates Mr. O'Neill and regrets that a "misunderstanding" resulted in his failure to produce "Marco Millions," but somehow or other no misunderstandings seem to arise when a play like "The Bachelor Father" comes along. Incidentally, June Walker plays the slangy American as well as the role permits.

Miss Eva Le Gallienne's latest undertaking, "Improvisations in June" (Fourteenth Street Theater), is modern enough in intention, but though occasionally amusing it is on the whole a rather thin and feeble satire which goes through a number of fantastic antics to prove that money can't buy everything. There are an American millionaire, his melancholy son, and a charlatan who represents, I suppose, the vices of modern art. Though the son is not amused by the latter he recovers his faith in life when he learns that the charlatan's daughter can't be bought. The play is said to have run two thousand nights on the Continent, but I suspect that its popularity was in some part due to the fact that it blames things in general on the American. T. S. Stribling's novel "Teeftallow" has been made into a play called "Rope" (Biltmore Theater). It is excellent melodrama with an unusually exciting mob scene and an effectively drawn background of life in a small Southern village.

"Sh! The Octopus" (Royale Theater) is, as its title suggests, a completely unrestrained mystery play; "The Wrecker" (Cort Theater) is a railroad melodrama which is pretty good so far as its mechanical thrills are concerned and rather unusually bad in its serious moments.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Italy Fights Opium

By ELLEN LA MOTTE

A MEETING of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations (known to the ribald as the Smugglers' Reunion) took place in Geneva from September 26 to October 8, 1927. This was a special or extraordinary session called because Cavazzoni, the Italian delegate, has been insisting that the opium and drug situation is rapidly getting worse and that, apart from pious wishes, earnest hopes, and vague resolutions, nothing has been accomplished. He wanted this special session to consider smuggling as due to the over-manufacture of drugs and their subsequent escape into illicit channels. The published documents of the League show a vast contraband traffic, proved by the great numbers of seizures of contraband all over the world. Year by year this evidence has been piling up, and the Opium Committee has solemnly discussed the situation, yet the thing goes on. Nothing has been done to curtail production of the raw material, or to lessen the amount of manufactured drugs, or to ration the factories. The Opium Committee has noted, regretfully, the scale on which the illicit traffic continues, but has done nothing fundamental—no blow has ever been struck at the source.

Well, here comes Cavazzoni, the new member of the committee, and he attends a meeting or two, and decides that something is amiss—he hates to be suspicious and all that, but it looks queer. He notes that there are only forty factories in the world, in eight countries—America, England, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Japan, and India. And that America, the only country not in the League, is the only one that has limited manufacture and adopted advanced restrictive legislation. In all the other countries an incessant stream of drugs flows out of their factories, hundreds of times in excess of the world's medical needs. He assumes that this excess output is intentionally designed for the illicit trade, and the League documents amply confirm his assumption. How comes it, asks Cavazzoni, with the evidence before him, that the gentlemen on the Opium Committee, representing these manufacturing countries, have not been able to stop the outflow?

This extraordinary session, therefore, was called to humor Cavazzoni, a potential trouble-maker, a refractory member of a heretofore united committee, a man who does not see eye to eye with his colleagues, but looks at the drug trade as a measure of human waste and suffering, not a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. A unique point of view.

For the first few days after the meetings began, things droned along as usual. Seizures of contraband were reported from this or that country and a few new details were added. Many of the cases had been discussed last January, and it would have been well, said the committee, if these various details could have been sent in at that time. Would some one please write to the country in question and ask it to be more prompt? For a moment it seemed as if the agenda would be so packed that there would be no room for Cavazzoni.

But his moment finally came on the fourth day. And it was an epoch-marking day in the history of the opium trade. He presented the committee with a "Memorandum," a document of some thirty pages, outlining a scheme by which the illicit traffic might be stopped. He avoided the controversial issues, such as over-production of the raw material, nor did he advocate reduction of the manufactured drugs. He would have gone on the rocks if he had, knowing the committee's powerful opposition to those two fundamental questions. Instead, he mapped out a plan of control or supervision whereby manufactured drugs could be watched all the way to their ultimate destination. The committee has constantly spoken of the necessity for "control," but its suggestions have always been vague. Now they were suddenly offered a scheme for absolute and complete control, worked out painstakingly to the most minute detail. It well-nigh took the committee's breath away. Nothing like it had ever been known before. And this document, making provision for every leak, served to call attention to these leaks, and to show how numerous they are. In a speech in the Assembly two weeks before, Lord Lytton had said that every factory should be surrounded by a "ring fence," and here was Cavazzoni presenting the committee with a blue-print showing how to build it. For example, the internal trade must be controlled by certificates, issued each time a purchase is made from a factory or from dealer to dealer. And these certificates must be on banknote paper, to make forgery difcult; and numbered, so that each one corresponds with its proper stub; and the books of all dealers must be open to inspection, so that every consignment may be traced. Furthermore, these dealers must be bonded, just as bank tellers are bonded, or others who handle large sums of money. For in the last analysis, a ton of heroin is a ton of money—and tainted at that. There was also strict supervision for bonded warehouses, those hotbeds of smuggling, wherein tons of drugs are deposited to lie fallow till the transaction is forgotten and they can be slipped out. This amazing document makes provision for the closing of every leak, every avenue of escape into the illicit trade. It sets a standard for narcotic control by which other regulations may be measured to see if they rise or fall short. The day on which the scheme was presented was an historic occasion in the fight against drugs—the first time a concrete proposal was ever laid before the committee.

The committee delayed a few days before discussing this document—doubtless planning how best to dispose of it. When the debate finally took place, all the delegates said much the same thing. They thanked Cavazzoni for his zeal, well meant but perhaps excessive. They all said they had laws covering many of Cavazzoni's points but, said the Swiss, perhaps not quite so severe. The British delegate said he did not think Cavazzoni had gone far enough; why had he not urged the speedy ratification of the Geneva Convention, which provided for a Central Board of Narcotic Control? This would bring about the millennium. Each delegate ended with the same plea—the Central Board as a panacea. The unanimity of these appeals for the Central Board was significant. The upshot of the debate was the appointment of a small committee to study the Cavazzoni plan in detail, the study to take place shortly before the next meeting of the Opium Commitee.

Cavazzoni is a vigorous opponent of this Central Board. The drug-profiting nations are wild to get it established, and are making intensive efforts to railroad it through. Every

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matter under discussion is somehow twisted into a plea to set it up quickly, and Cavazzoni fights it at every turn. He says the League has no right to delegate its authority over the opium question to a body completely independent of and outside the League. This the Central Board would be. Nor could it by any stretch of ingenuity be regarded as the "child" or "organ" of the League. It would be appointed by the Council and financed by the League, but the connection would end there. It would sit in secret and issue or withhold whatever information it chose. Composed of the manufacturing and producing nations—the same ones that have blocked all progress on the Opium Committee—it would seem a highly dangerous body to set up. The world would be at the mercy of the drug interests, and there would be no further publicity such as the League has been staging at Geneva.

A small subcommittee was given the task of defining the duties of this Central Board (if established) and those of the Opium Committee. Cavazzoni protested that these two bodies would either conflict with or duplicate each other's work, but the small subcommittee brought in its report, saying there was no fear of either. To the Central Board was assigned every important task, particularly that of relieving the Opium Committee of the burden of collecting statistics, the most valuable work the League has done. In fact, the Opium Committee was to be disemboweled. No further publicity for these damning figures which show up the illicit trade! This subcommittee composed of India (chairman), Great Britain, France, Holland, and Serbia, completely showed its hand. Cavazzoni flatly refused to accept its report, and in consequence he was added to the committee and it was sent out to try again.

The last day of the session saw the climax of the fight. At the end of each session the committee makes a short report, nine or ten pages, a summary of its work to be presented to the Council. This draft report is always drawn up by the chairman (on this occasion Sir John Campbell, British India) and on the last day it is gone over page by page, each delegate making any corrections he thinks fit. Each point must be accepted by a majority of the committee, before going on to the next. On this last day, October 8, the draft report was presented and was gone through carefully under the guidance of the chairman. All went well till they struck page 15. That contained a paragraph saying that Cavazzoni had presented an interesting and elaborate plan for the control of illicit traffic, and concluded: "The scheme will be annexed to this report."

At once the chairman said: "We will cut out this last sentence. The scheme will *not* be attached to this report, but will appear in the minutes."

Cavazzoni was up in arms. This special session was called on purpose to deal with smuggling and methods to check it. He had presented a plan for checking it and this *must* go to the Council.

At once the meeting was in a tumult. Everyone wanted to protest, but the chairman said there must be no debate—the question must be voted on—yes or no. Should the Memorandum be annexed to the report, or left out? Various members tried to speak but were ruled out by the chairman. The British delegate said if that Memorandum were annexed it would establish a precedent. Cavazzoni said he welcomed a precedent; if any member had a better plan, let that also be sent to the Council.

"Vote on the question," angrily exclaimed the chairman.

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At once various delegates began to offer amendments. The chairman lost his head and his temper. "Will Cavazzoni not interrupt!" he exclaimed. As a rule, the delegates are invariably referred to as the honorable delegate from this country or that, but Cavazzoni was just Cavazzoni in that heated atmosphere. Amendments came pouring in; the chairman tried to speak, to shut them up, to stop the debate. No time for translations—French and English being spoken indiscriminately, at the same moment, and the steam-roller trying to crush the opposition.

Finally a vote was taken on the Japanese amendment; the Japanese tried to explain what he meant, but was shut off. In the confusion the French delegate said: "We have now three amendments before us—will the chairman please read them?" "I will NOT," said the chairman. "Vote on the Japanese amendment." The vote was taken; the British, Indian, and Dutch delegates voted not to attach the Memorandum to the Report, while five others voted to do so—Italy, France, Portugal, Serbia, and Japan. It was a jolt, the first time the British have been defeated. Cavazzoni's wit, good humor, ability, and magnificent courage won him the support of four delegates. A wedge had been driven into the heretofore solid ranks of the opium bloc.

The reading of the report continued but struck another snag. A document was placed before the committee, and the chairman said: "This question must be discussed in private. Will the audience leave the room?"

"Why?" drawled the French delegate.

"If you look at that document, you will see why," snapped the British delegate. "It concerns the Central Board."

"I still see no reason for secrecy," replied the Frenchman. "Let us vote." Again a vote was taken, and Great Britain, India, and Holland voted for secrecy, while the Italian, French, Serbian, Portugese, and Japanese stood for publicity. Another jolt.

The question seemed harmless enough. It was a request to the Council, asking the Council to instruct the Opium Committee to make an exhaustive study of the Central Board and its duties. Instantly the British delegate said: "I want this wiped out. It is impertinent of us to ask the Council to instruct us to study the Central Board."

"We are a committee of experts," said Cavazzoni; "what other body is so competent to study this question?"

"I want this deleted," exclaimed the British delegate, and instantly there was pandemonium again. Finally, after a stubborn and hot debate, a vote was taken and again Cavazzoni won. For the third time the drug interests lost.

The published proceedings of this extraordinary session fail to give one an adequate idea of what took place on that final hectic day. Indeed, the thing seems tame. As a member of the audience, one got a vastly different impression from the impression obtained by reading the printed minutes. But this may be accounted for by a remark which appears at the end of page 83*; "The Chairman said that certain consequential alterations in the report might be necessary; these the Secretariat should be asked to make."

It seems a pity that there are no verbatim minutes of these meetings. Verbatim minutes, which if not published, might at least be accessible in typewritten form, so that one could compare them with any "consequential alterations" it had been found desirable to make.

* Minutes of the Tenth Session of the Opium Advisory Committee.

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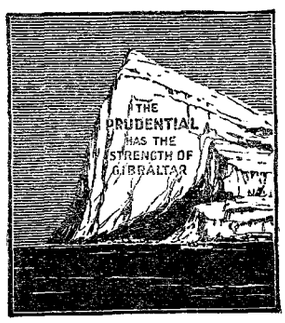

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